COLLEGE BASKETBALL THE TOP 20

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 6, 1965 35 CENTS

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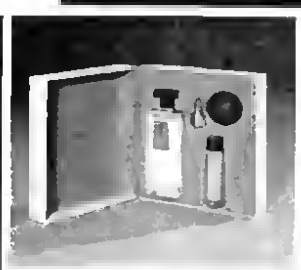
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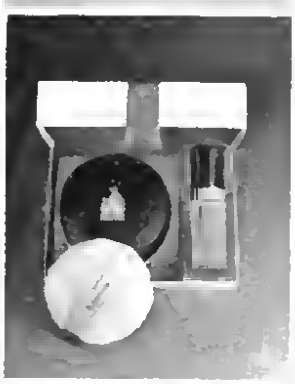
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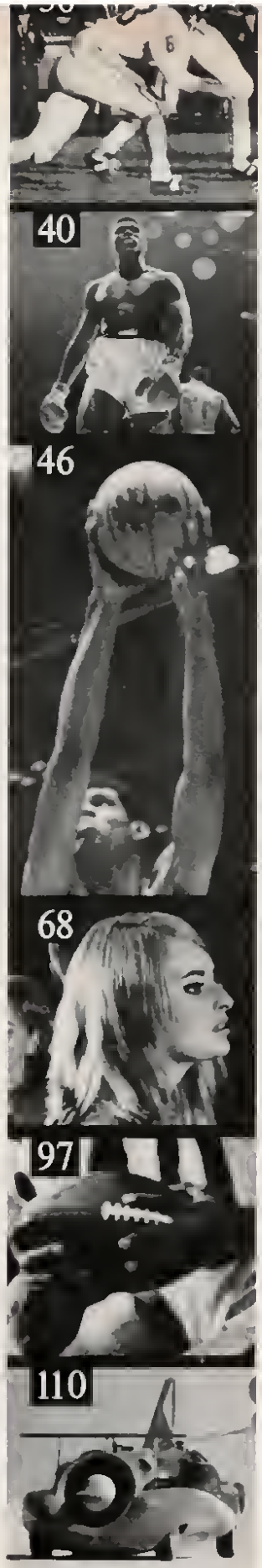
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Next week

THE BEST PRO RECEIVER is Lance Alworth of the San Diego Chargers, a superb athlete who believes he would do right well in the lofty NFL, too. A word portrait by Edwin Shrake.

GUY THE UNKNOWN was Guy Rodgers of the San Francisco Warriors after seven years in pro basketball. Suddenly he has become one of the most prolific scorers in the NBA.

HOMELESS GLITTERBUGS have found a haven in Florida at the new Palm Bay Club. Alfred Wright offers a wry report on a much-needed sanctuary for sporty Jet Set members.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Gary Valk

Basketball, born in Springfield, Mass. and nurtured in such towns as Provo, Utah and Morgantown, W. Va., is challenging soccer as the No. 1 team sport in the capitals of the world. Europe, Asia and South America have regular international competition. Italy has professional leagues. The Baltimore Bullets now have a farm team in Spain. And everywhere abroad there is a desire for American instruction.



DEFORD SCOUTING IN ALBUQUERQUE

The college team we pick in this issue as the best in the country, St. Joseph's of Philadelphia, took a 32-day, 20,000-mile tour of South America last summer and performed before enthusiastic crowds. The tourists played 17 games (losing one) and conducted almost twice that many clinics. St. Joe's benefited, too. "We played in warm gyms, cold gyms and outdoors when the players on the bench wore overcoats over their warmup uniforms," Coach Jack Ramsay says. "I feel now that we can play anybody anywhere and not be bothered by the crowd reaction."

The international game still goes as well in small towns as it does in large cities, and this suits Frank Deford, our gallivanting basketball writer, just fine. Though he comes from Baltimore, the seventh largest city in the country, Deford is a hillbilly-music fan as well as a basketball nut, and he claims there is no place better than a small town for guitars and basketballs. He has been struggling vainly to cover Vanderbilt so he can see the *Grand Ole Opry* in Nashville. "I have evolved an equation," Deford says, "which states that where the interest in country music is highest, so is the interest in basketball. I got into Albuquerque last year, and I figured it was too far out to be hillbilly territory. I could not have been more wrong. The place was a veritable treasure trove of good country music, and basketball interest was at a fantastic peak."

By hardly missing a nook or cranny in the nation, Deford manages to see almost every good team. Last year he covered 13 of the 15 major-college conference champions (Vanderbilt, sadly, was one of the two he missed) and the two top small-college teams as well. His odyssey also took him past the front doors of Charles Finley of the Athletics in La Porte, Ind. and Walter Alston of the Dodgers in Darrtown, Ohio, a parlay that he doubts any basketball writer has attempted.

Deford feels that basketball fans are more curious than most travelers. "Baseball fans are lobby-sitters and moviegoers, and football fans are group-oriented, more party-conscious," he says. "Basketball people check out strange surroundings." Deford's hero is Ralph Friberg, a University of San Francisco follower who likes to ride the buses in every city he visits with his beloved Dons. "Ralph will get to know a town's whole bus system—every route—within a day after he hits town," Frank says.

Gathering material for this issue, Deford stopped off at Lawrence, Kans. and Peoria, Ill. He says the country rhythms come in louder and clearer in those areas than in Philadelphia. Good for KU and Bradley, but music isn't everything. We still like St. Joe's.

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BOOKTALK

Tha naw nalure books causa one readar to turn admiringly to an old maatar

Nature writing is a kind of industry these days, with numberless authors following birds and beasts in the hope of trapping them into a bestseller The boom comes just about a century too late to do any good for Richard Jefferies. It is a pity for he could have used the money, and he was a writer of such skill and integrity as to deserve the best in reputation and fortune. He may be in for a revival, for—though he is not widely read—there is a flourishing Richard Jefferies Society, whose members live in places as far apart as Paris, France and Houston, Texas. Jefferies was born in 1848, the son of a small farmer who owned 40 acres (called Coate Farm) in Wiltshire, England. He grew up on the farm, and as a boy often sneaked away from his chores to walk with his gun to the bare uncultivated downland that lay beyond a nearby hill Sometimes he would come back hours later with no shot fired for, in the act of raising his gun to his shoulder, he would observe a new peculiarity of the flight of the pigeon, or watch, for the hundredth time, a rabbit, thumping its hind legs on the ground as a signal of danger; and his long sensitive forefinger would slowly stray away from the unpulled trigger.

In 1865 a journalist who had lost his way floundered through a thunderstorm to the thatched farmhouse, and there Jefferies met for the first time the world of letters. Through this meeting he took a poorly paid job as a reporter on the *North Wiltshire Herald*. In his spare time he still roamed the fields

Until his painful death from tuberculosis at the age of 38, Jefferies poured out a stream of intensely accurate observations on his life at Coate, eagerly snapped up by the leading magazines and newspapers of the day. Self-taught as a writer, he never fell into rustic whimsies. "Style," Jefferies jotted in a notebook. "The proper choice of a word. A polished style, yet simple Saxon words. What I see, that only"

Sitting beside a tree trunk, his gun safely leaning in the crook of a branch, or lying in a punt with his face near the water while the line trailed uselessly behind, he recorded in his mind's immense notebook more data in half an hour than would be accumulated in a week by an ordinary man.

His parents could not understand the dreamer they had begotten, and their bafflement led to his great unhappiness at home—he once tried to run away, to walk to Moscow at the age of 16, but got no farther than France. He starts his best book, *The Amateur Poacher*, with an account of an act of great stupidity on the part of his father:

"They burned the old gun that used to stand in the dark corner up in the garret,

continued

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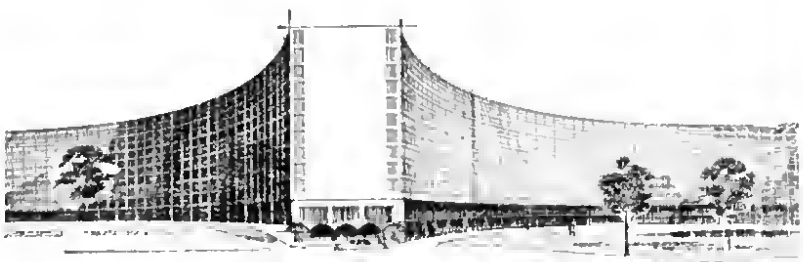
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close to the stuffed box that always grinned so fiercely."

He never forgot it, but softened slightly a few years later when "they" gave him a weapon of his own, a 70-year-old single-barrel muzzle-loader adapted from a flintlock. "The lock was a trifle dull at first, simply from lack of use. A small screwdriver soon had it to pieces, and it speedily clicked again sweet as a flute." Later, when he met a man named Haylock, the gamekeeper on the neighboring estate at Hodson Bottom, he learned the perfect lubricant, which never congeals in cold weather, for any such mechanism—gin.

His many hours spent with Haylock taught him not only the art of shooting and the elements of fieldcraft, but also gave him an insight into the various devices used by Haylock's enemies, the poachers. The new invention of the breechloader meant that gentlemen of position wanted to shoot birds in the hundreds, even in the thousands, and the science of large-scale pheasant-raising was studied by keepers all over the country. When the birds thus reached a many-fold surplus over the ordinary production of nature, few countrymen were averse to taking an occasional one for a quick sale. Haylock told Jefferies what the poachers did. Jefferies practiced some of the tricks with delight, and a decade later he wrote about them, when he was living closer to the hub of the editorial world.

Even when he moved to Surbiton, near London, he was able to point out to Londoners that wildlife still existed there. On his long walks, his lanky figure stooping and his soft brown beard curling in the wind, he cataloged 60 wild flowers growing in one London street, and saw a trout—perhaps the last London trout—being speared in one of the many streams that now run underground.

In his 38 years of life, Jefferies turned out a great number of essays, most of which were republished in book form, such as his *Gamekeeper at Home*. He never knew any kind of affluence and nearly always sold the copyright of his works.

Jefferies was, perhaps, a product of his age. As the center of British life shifted for the first time from the open country to the grime, smoke and congestion of the city, people increasingly wished to be reminded of that nine-tenths of the land which they could never know more intimately than through an occasional weekend visit. Certainly, many have followed him in his trade, and England now has 500 new books a year on agriculture, natural history and related subjects. But there will seldom be another who, like Thoreau, could write a whole compelling page about a single leaf, an essay on the living things around a particular ditch or an entire book by sitting observantly in one field.

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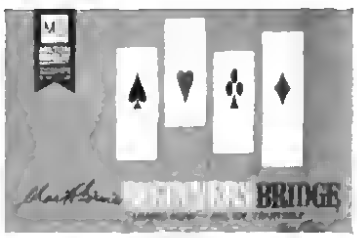


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(New Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic camera measures light precisely for perfectly exposed pictures.)

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Chances are he dazzles you with a whole roomful of equipment. And he probably goes through some sort of black-magic mental contortions and dial twisting every time he takes a shot. But you've got to admit that his perfectly exposed pictures make yours look pretty drab.

Well, fret no longer, friend. You're just one easy step from joining the photographic elite.

A magnificent new camera is the answer. It's a camera that is simplicity itself to operate. Yet it will never fail to delight you with what it (and you) can do . . . because it has a wealth of professional know-how *built right in.* It's called the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic.

Pentax cameras, with their superb optics and brilliant engineering, have long been a favorite of photo hobbyists everywhere. But now the Spotmatic opens up the world of fine photography to every camera fan who can press a shutter.

The secret is a revolutionary through-the-lens exposure meter system that is both automatic and unerringly precise. It assures you that you'll never again face the disappointment of ruining or missing one of those exceptional pictures or slides through over- or underexposure.

It guides you infallibly, within the limits of film and available light, from the simplest situations to the most difficult and challenging conditions; severe backlighting, extreme telephoto, high contrast, low light levels, wild filters, ultra-closeups. And it does it all automatically.

You also save time and film because you can forget about taking extra shots "just to make sure." You *are* sure on every picture. You are sure of a quality of results simply unattainable by 98% of the cameras in use today, "automatic" or not!

Here's how it works. The Spotmatic's unique cadmium sulfide meter measures the light coming through the *taking aperture* of the lens. It reads the light from the *in-focus* image on the ground glass, which corresponds *exactly* to the image at the film plane. (There *are* cameras, selling for up to $500, which read the image formed by the lens at full aperture. But these cameras merely *estimate* the light for the actual f/stop you'll be using and are only approximate when compared to the precision of the Spotmatic.)

Fast, foolproof operation. When you load your Spotmatic, you set the film's ASA number (from ASA 20 to 1600) in the window of the shutter speed dial, automatically calibrating the exposure system. Then you set your shutter speed, focus and flip the meter switch to the "on" position. By turning the diaphragm ring, the meter needle you'll see in the view-finder is centered and you're set to shoot. Without removing your eye from the view-finder (and without engaging in digital contortions), you have made a perfectly exposed picture. It's that simple!

Today, the Spotmatic towers over every other 35mm single-lens reflex camera. It costs $289.50 and is, without a doubt, one of the four or five finest cameras in the world.

Who says so? The pros and the dyed-in-the-wool amateurs who started snapping up Spotmatics faster than we could deliver them.

But we were happy to adjust the supply rate. And now your nearest Honeywell Pentax dealer will be glad to explain why *he's* so excited about this remarkable new camera. Or, for more of the details first, just send us the coupon below.



New Spotmatic has through-the-lens exposure meter, superb 50mm f/1.4 lens, $289.50.

HONEYWELL PHOTOGRAPHIC
Mail Station 209
Denver, Colorado 80217 171-12A

Please send literature on the new Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic to.

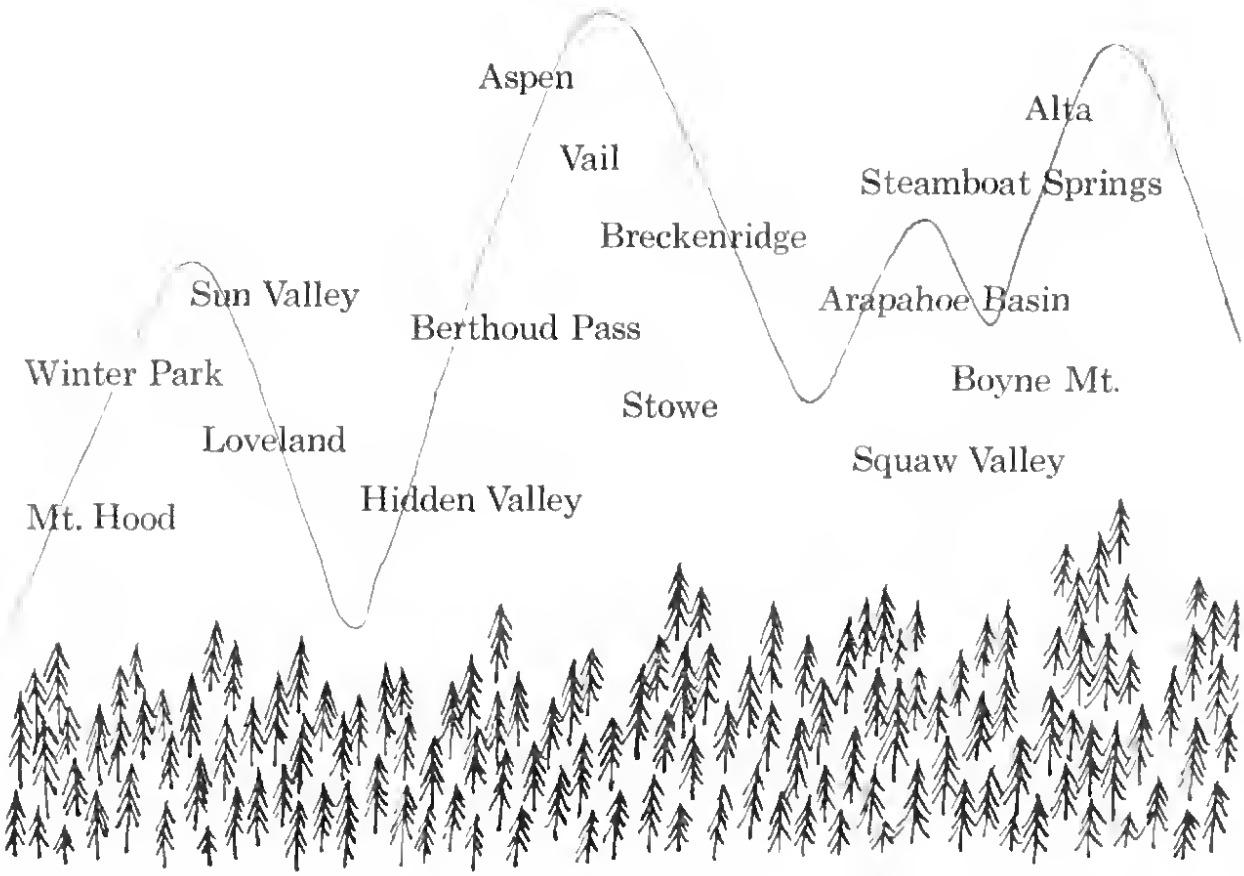
Name

Address

City

State Zip

Honeywell
PHOTOGRAPHIC



Jet United to the Best ski country

–more planes, more places, more often

No other airline serves as much great ski country as United does.

United flies you to the famous areas of the Northeast, Midwest, Northwest and Pacific Coast – and United has the best service by far to Colorado, Utah and Idaho.

From New York and the East – from Chicago and the Midwest–from the Pacific Coast–United gets you to Denver, Salt Lake City, Grand Junction and Boise faster, more conveniently, with special group rates available. You get more ski time!

United packs your skis and poles in a sturdy container that travels for just $4 extra – and you keep the container! United provides daily weather reports from all major ski areas. United offers a complete reservations service: air and ground transportation, lodging, rental cars with snow tires and ski racks.

United likes skiers. And skiers like United!

Ski Country, U.S.A.'– half hour color film with sound available for group showing. For details write Ski Film, Modern Talking Pictures, 3 E. 54th St., New York, N. Y. 10022. And write P. O. Box 8800, Chicago, Ill. 60666 for your FREE copy of United's informative folder on Ski Country areas.



"See you at the Red Onion tonight"

fly the friendly skies of United.





New **For the buccaneer in you**



Golden Sovereign by Rexall

Be bold about it! Summon up the swash-and-buckle of a more adventurous age with Golden Sovereign grooming aids. Worth a king's ransom when you set out to capture hearts, yet not one is as costly as it looks or smells.

Discover Golden Sovereign Pre-Shave or After Shave at $2.00; Cologne at $2.50; Aerosol Cologne at $3.00; or the handsomely-mated gift sets shown above: After Shave and Aerosol Shave Cream, $3.50; Aerosol Cologne, Aerosol Shave Cream and After Shave, $6.50; Pre-Shave and After Shave, $4.00; Cologne and After Shave, $4.50.

Rexall

Look for Golden Sovereign... sold only in the store with this sign

Dacron®... a man's way to look great, stay neat.

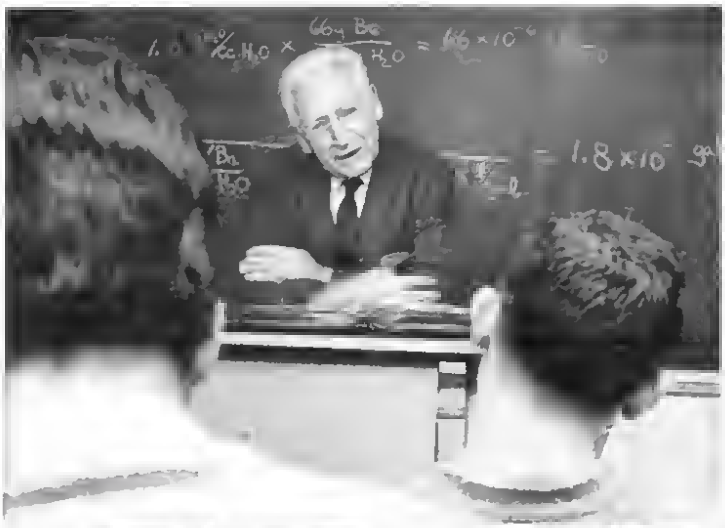


VAN HEUSEN has real know-how with sport shirts. Check the bold good looks of this man-size plaid. And the luxury look of the fabric. After a long, full day, it'll still be neat and fresh because it's 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% combed cotton. Wash & wear, of course. Extra-long wearing, too. A great gift in a great range of plaids, about $5.95 at fine stores. Ask for Van Heusen Sport shirts with "Dacron".

*Du Pont's registered trademark
Du Pont makes fibers,
not fabrics or clothes

Better Things for Better Living
through Chemistry

DU PONT









Tape it.

General Electric's new Family Tape Recorder costs under $40.*

It's a new idea. It's a portable tape recorder designed by General Electric for the whole family to use.

Use it to record baby's first words. Birthday and partytime fun.

Dad can test out a speech, record a lecture. Teen-agers can tape jazz. Mother can tape a voice-letter to send to her son in the Service.

It's easy to operate. Just press the button to record, rewind, play back or stop.

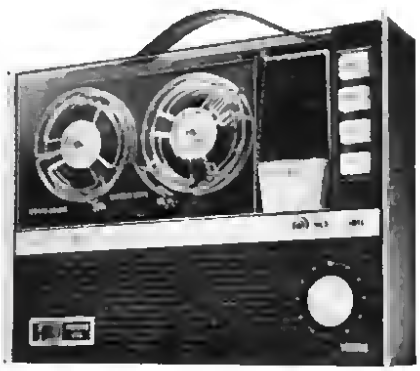
It's rugged. Plays back words and music with a clear, true sound on ½-hour reels. (General Electric is first to design Ultra-Balance into an inexpensive tape recorder. This engineering breakthrough installs a precision-balanced flywheel into the recorder's capstan drive to give you the constant tape speed so important for faithful fidelity.)

It's portable. Goes anywhere. Works on 4 standard flashlight batteries. Operates in any position. Special Safety Brake prevents tape from ever spilling off reels. (That's G-E engineering, again.)

The price is family-budget size, under $40. See it at your dealer's. Try it.

If you have a family camera, you should also have a new General Electric Family Tape Recorder.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price varies with dealer. Slightly higher West and South.



M 8000

Radio Receiver Department, Utica, New York

GENERAL ELECTRIC



A lot of people thought Mr. Weyenberg was beside himself when he took a saw to his favorite shoe.

It all started one day when a salesman challenged Mr. Weyenberg. "Look, so our shoes are smart... so are a lot of others. Our shoes are made of leather, so are everyone else's."

"Hummmrumph!" said Mr. Weyenberg. He stood up to his full height, cracked the glass of his desk with a paper weight—the one with snow inside—and shouted, "Get me a saw!" It just so happened Mr. Weyenberg's secretary had a saw—in her bottom drawer.



He grabbed style 105-1 from the new collection, and, like Mandrake, began to saw it in half.

"Now," he said, poking his finger in the arch. "Do you doubt the cushions built in here?"

"No sir." Mr. Weyenberg sawed the instep... he pulled out an air cell rubber cushion.

"Now do you believe there's more to a sole?" "Yes sir, I believe."

Then he sawed the heel. There was a more buoyant cushion under the heel.

"Anything you say, sir." said the salesman.

"Hummmrumph!" said Mr. Weyenberg. "Wearing our shoes is not like wearing any shoe in the world. When you walk, you walk rich." and that's no old saw!



Here are two contemporary Weyenberg styles from the outside. 16.95 to 24.95.

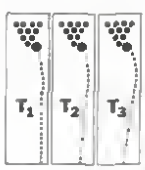
Weyenberg Massagic

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG CO. MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53201

what to get for "old hard-to-get-for"



You just slip a Brunswick Bowler's Gift Certificate into his Christmas sock. They start at $4 95. Then he can pick whatever piece of Brunswick bowling equipment that strikes his fancy. May we suggest our Trac-Master. Even if he already has a ball, he'll appreciate a Trac-Master. It's the only bowling ball with a choice of 3 hooking potentials.





Or, he can choose a new bowling bag, or a new pair of professional bowling shoes. What's that? He's a she? No problem. Brunswick makes bowling balls, bags and shoes for the gals, too. Very smart equipment, sensibly priced. Merry Christmas.

Brunswick

THE NO 1 NAME IN BOWLING

SEE YOUR PRO DEALER

Iron man



Never sick a day in his life. He was fond of saying doctors would go broke if they depended on him.

Then the law of averages caught up with him. The law that says one out of three men will suffer a permanent or temporary disability during his earning years.

Months of forced idleness taught him two things: That he is not an iron man. That he had been foolish in failing to protect his most important asset — the ability to work and earn an income.

Now fully recovered, he has applied for — and has been qualified for the protection of Guardian's exclusive new Income Replacement Plan. It pays lifetime benefits if the disability begins before age 50 — and benefits to age 65 if it begins after 50. Never again will his family have to worry themselves sick over a mountain of bills while he is powerless to help.

No one can say for sure it will happen to you. But can you be sure it won't? You owe it to your family to call your local Guardian representative or your broker without delay. Ask him how you can be protected by —

Your Guardian for Life

The GUARDIAN Life Insurance Company OF AMERICA
A Mutual Company • Established 1860 • 201 Park Avenue South • New York • New York • 10003



Christmas time



...and dinner time



...and summer time



...and springtime



...and arrival time



...and the big time

Hamilton... the Christmas Gift that becomes part of a lifetime

It's a new way to think about the Hamilton you give for Christmas Hamilton The companion It records the second a son is born It sets feet hurrying to an opening night on Broadway It closes the office It waits for the first guest to appear It shares the big moments And little ones The exciting moments And quiet ones We think only a Hamilton is worthy of such an important role in a lifetime Hamilton The great watch Pride Possessiveness You give so much more than time when you give a Hamilton You give a worthy companion Think Then see your Hamilton jeweler's complete selection

If you want to give more than time, give a

HAMILTON

Watches featured: L to R: Vincent $59.95 Edwina, $69.50 A 605 (Automatic) $ 9.50 Trudel, $29[illegible] $12[illegible] MM* (4 Diamonds), $150
Hamilton Watches are sold by [illegible] in the U. S., Canada and more than 50 other [illegible] Watch Company [illegible] Pa. U.S.A.

You don't give Old Grand-Dad. You present it.





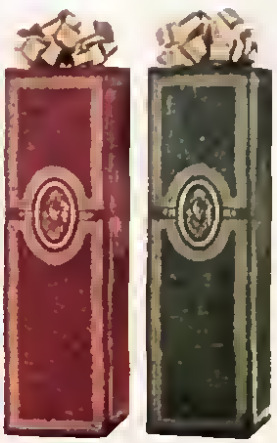
And what a present it makes

It's more than the decanter or the luxury leatherette gift wrap

Far more.

Because the smoothly resolute whiskey inside set the Bourbon standard back in 1882.

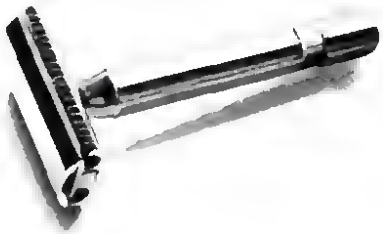
A standard no other Bourbon has managed to match.



Regular bottles in luxury leatherette gift wrap, too.

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys
86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond
Distilled and bottled at the Forks of the Elkhorn
by the Old Grand Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky

Where did the new Norelco Speedshaver ever get the idea that it could match shaves with a blade?



It's all in our head.



(WHICH IS NOW MORE THAN 18% THINNER FOR 18% CLOSER SHAVES)

The new Norelco Speedshaver® gives the *close* electric shave—so incredibly close that we dare to match shaves with a blade. And yet the Norelco shave is still the *comfort* shave. Because Norelco rotary blades gently stroke off whiskers. Never grab or pull. Never cut or nick. Norelco "Floating Heads" glide smoothly over every contour of your face.

There's also a pop-up trimmer that makes neat work of sideburns. Easy "flip-open" cleaning. Voltage selector. On/off switch. And a coil cord. All in all, more shaving features than any other electric shaver. We'll match the shave you get with the new Norelco Speedshaver against any electric shaver and win by a head. And then it's *en garde*, blades!



Great first shaver. The new Norelco Flip Top Speedshaver. World's largest-selling shaver model. Popular price. Now in bright maroon. Rotary blades. Flip-top cleaning. On/off switch.



Perfect second shaver. At a new low price. The Norelco Cordless. Shaves anywhere. Works on ordinary penlight batteries. Rotary blades. Handsome drawstring pouch.

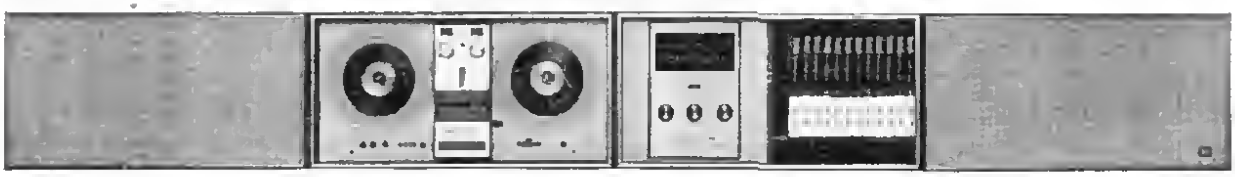
Norelco® The Close Electric Shave

©1969 North American Philips Company, Inc., 100 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017

Other products: Electric Housewares, Hearing Aids, Radios, Tape Recorders, Dictation Machines, Electronic Educational Kits, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.



Our answer to the wife who doesn't want a tape recorder in the living room



The new Wollensak 5300 Stereo has a way with women. Over six feet of slim-lined beauty. Seductively clothed in walnut wraps. And underneath, it's packed with musical features. Solid-state stereo tape recorder. Two powerful speakers with room-filling high fidelity performance And Control Central: every control in a hand-span. Including new power activated push buttons, 4 speed-4 track, 2 VU meters, four digit tape counter, stereo headphone jack, FM multiplex ready, enough new features to make even a music critic gasp. Sectional design lets you hang it, stack it AM-FM multiplex stereo tuner with storage compartment is optional. Now at finer stores everywhere. See the Wollensak *Automatics*, too—World's Only Self-Changing Recorders.

THE NEW SLEEK LOOK IN SUPERB SOUND—WHAT YOU WANT IS A WOLLENSAK!

3M COMPANY



The gentle mixer

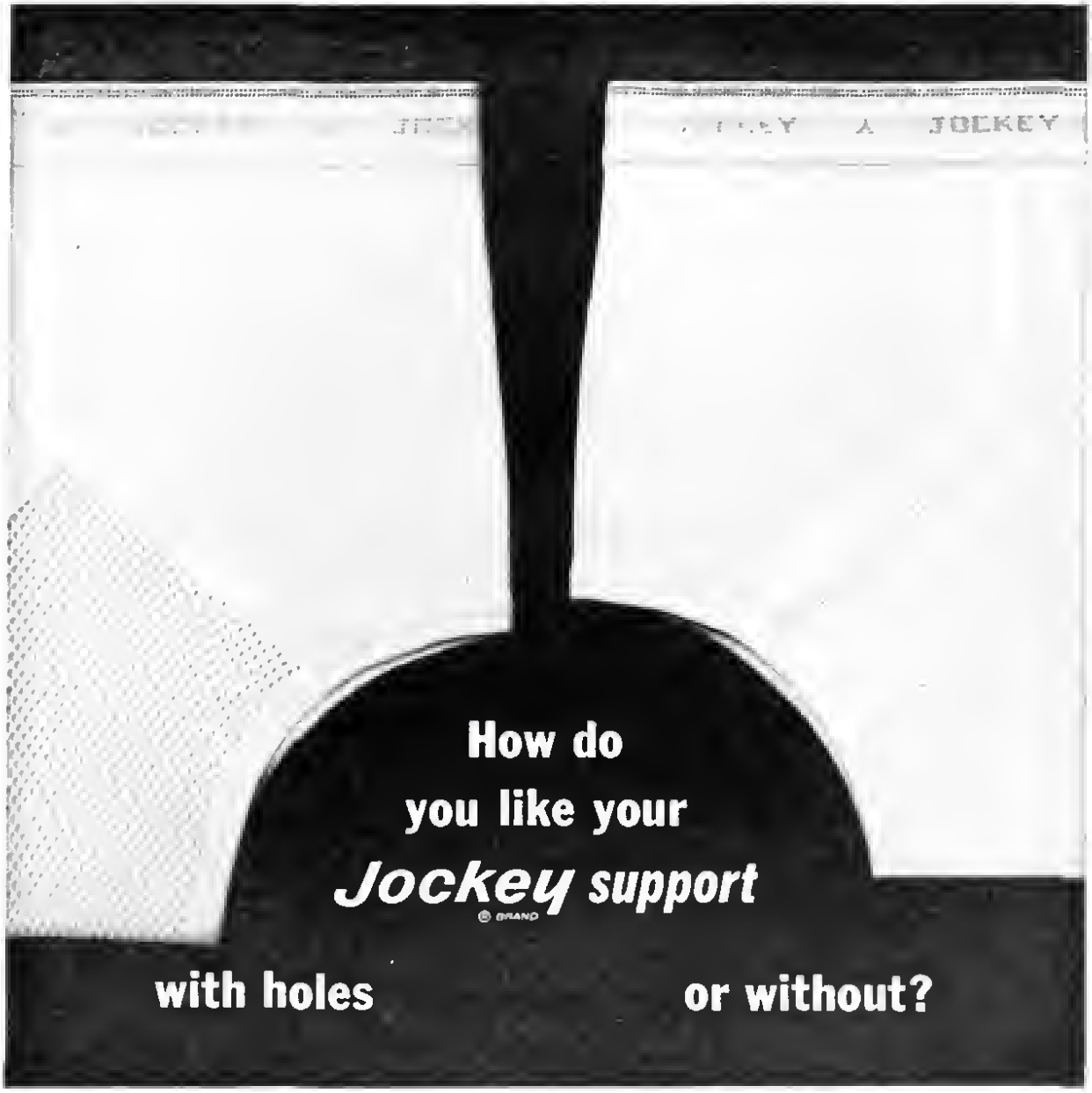
Squirt gentles whiskey, gin and vodka with the fresh, dry taste of premium sun-ripened citrus.

It's so refreshing, you almost wonder how a soft drink can be such a good mixer.



Prolong your pleasure. Take your holiday cheer tall— with Squirt, the gentle mixer.

The fresh approach to the mixed drink.



A man needs Jockey support. And until recently he could get it only one way—the classic Jockey brief. Then we added holes to that famous 13-piece construction. Presto: the Jockey Super brief.

It has a double-mesh pouch that molds itself to a man for a finer fit and feel . . . for ventilation where it's needed. And it gives the same exclusive support and protection as our classic brief.

There are other innovations. A higher-rising waistband for extra comfort. A double-reinforced seat for lots more wear. Up front there's that famous Jockey no-gap security.

It costs you $1.50 for a little less cotton and a lot more comfort. The Jockey Super* brief in the package with the blue diamond. (If you're happy with the classic Jockey brief, it's still only $1.25 or $3.69 for the 3-pack.)

Jockey® MENSWEAR

It's not Jockey brand if it doesn't have the Jockey boy!

JOCKEY MENSWEAR, KENOSHA, WIS.—A DIVISION OF COOPER'S, INC.

*PAT APPLD FOR



Now 'Jeep' V-6!
New funpower!

Now . . . your choice of two great engines. hot new 155 hp "Dauntless" V-6 for extra power on the road. Or world-famous "Hurricane" 4.

The 'Jeep' V-6 zooms along the highway like it had wings . . . that's why we call it The Flying 'Jeep' Universal. And rough country—steep hills—deep snow—just add to the fun! Familiar "little guy" or jaunty 'Jeep' Tuxedo Park Mark IV. Both offer 81" or 101" wheelbase, hard tops, convertible tops, new colors, new trim. New bucket seats! The Flying 'Jeep' Universal. You've got to drive it to believe it.

See your 'Jeep' dealer. KAISER Jeep CORPORATION

The Flying 'Jeep' Universal

with 4-wheel drive





Fond of things Italiano? Give **Liquore Galliano** in this new ceramic gift decanter by Coronetti. 19 inches high. Filled with the golden liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." Also in the distinctive regular bottle.

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SCORECARD

SPORTSMANSHIP NOTE

Contrary to popular belief, all professional football linemen are not out to maim enemy quarterbacks. In the Baltimore-Detroit tie on Thanksgiving Day, the Lions' Alex Karras broke through at one point and had Colt Quarterback Johnny Unitas at his mercy. "I think I could have hurt him if I hit him hard," Karras said later, "but all I wanted to do was get to him and stop him from throwing the ball. I like Unitas because he never complains, and I'd hate to think anyone in this league would take a cheap shot at him. I know I wouldn't."

THE AWARD

Jim Hartman of the NCAA Swimming Rules Committee, a coach at Denver's Lincoln High, has won the Chuck Garrity Trophy as local swimming coach of the year. The trophy is named after *Denver Post* Sports Editor Chuck Garrity. Chuck Garrity cannot swim.

CARBO'S GHOST WALKS AGAIN

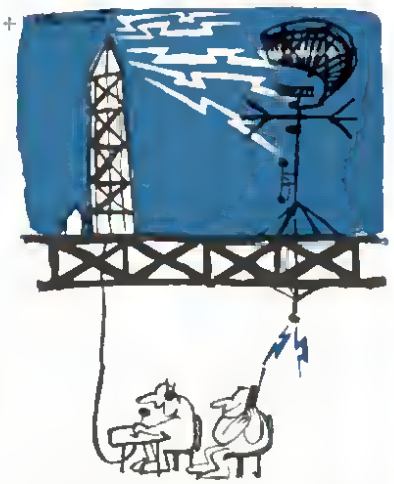
The California Athletic Commission made a timely move in calling attention to the background of those who direct the ring affairs of Ernie Terrell, the World Boxing Association's heavyweight champion. For Terrell now looms as the only logical opponent to meet Cassius (Muhammad Ali) Clay in the true champion's next appearance. But, as the commission pointed out, Terrell should not be allowed to do so with Bernie Glickman in his camp as "adviser" (euphemism for manager) or in any other capacity. Glickman was long an intimate of Frankie Carbo, the underworld czar of prizefighting, and of Blinky Palermo, the czar's adjutant—both now in prison. He admitted as much to the late Senator Kefauver's committee when it was investigating criminal influence in boxing.

We do not hold that prizefighters with criminal records should be barred from the ring solely for that reason, any more than we feel that membership in an esoteric and unpopular sect calls for banishment. But domination of the sport by criminals, or by those who associate with criminals or front for them, is quite another matter. As it now stands, that is exactly what might happen if Terrell, by luck or competence, beats Clay.

Here is a chance for the WBA to regain at least a modicum of its long-lost prestige. It has the power to strip Terrell of the title it conferred on him unless he divests himself of all questionable associates. Until this happens, no state should permit a Clay-Terrell match.

NOW TALKING FOR THE LAKERS . . .

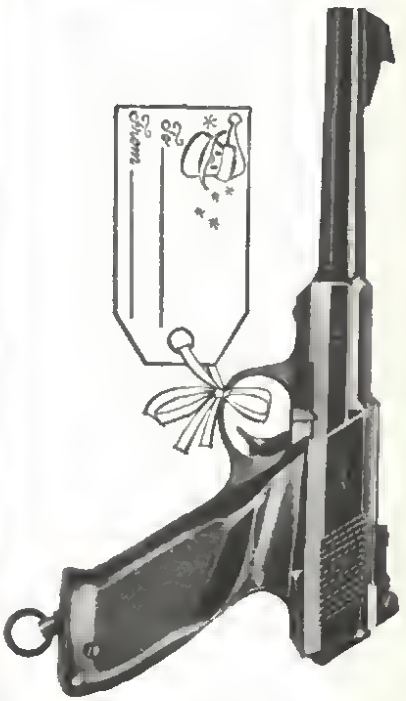
Maybe it's the smog, maybe it's the proximity of the make-believe of Hollywood and Disneyland. Whatever it is, in Los Angeles seeing has never seemed adequate enough authority for believing. In sports particularly, Angelenos insist on being able to listen to radio descriptions of whatever they are watching with their own baby blues. Fans at Dodger Stadium would hardly believe that Sandy Koufax was throwing fast balls unless Announcer Vin Scully told them so on their transistors.



But basketball fans attending Los Angeles Laker games in the Sports Arena have been unutterably frustrated because the myriad of steel beams in the roof blocked off radio reception. Laker fans watching the action felt empty and alone and perhaps unloved because they could not hear their wintertime transistor baby, Chick (Golden Throat) Hearn,

continued

GIFT GUN



Some stocking stuffer! Say "Merry Christmas" with a Daisy $CO_2$200

All the heft and feel of a more-powerful handgun . . . yet plinks all day for pennies! Fires inexpensive .177 caliber B•Ba semi-automatically at 400 feet per second. Constant full power from atandard or giant Jett® CO_2 cylinders (no "O" ring to leak) . . . more than 150 shots from the large size. Adjustable sights. Ideal for indoor target ranges, camping out, fishing trips. How about it, Santa? About $18.50.

Daisy®
CO_2 GUN DIVISION

For more information, see your local dealer or write DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CO_2 Division, Box 1265N, Rogers, Ark. 72756.



A velvet reminder

where to find the most expensively *made* Bourbon in Kentucky . . . and probably in the world.

Seeking a memorable gift?
Come to Old Fitzgerald Prime Straight in its regal holiday dress. This is Kentucky's most expensively made whiskey.
It will show your friends what happens when rare, pedigreed Sour Mash Bourbon is mellowed 8 years to prime maturity and gentled to 86.8 proof.
Shouldn't a gift like this come from you?
As always, at no additional cost.

Your Key to Hospitality

OLD FITZ PRIME

STITZEL WELLER, America's Oldest Family Distillery, Estab. Louisville, Ky., 1849 Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

who is the radio and TV announcer for Laker games. The effusive Hearn, so popular that he ranks third on the Laker payroll, behind only Elgin Baylor and Jerry West, was desperately missed by the unfortunates with tickets and silent transistors.

Supposedly, nothing could be done. The metal-infested roof was said to be an impossible problem. But then a few months ago the dynamic Jack Kent Cooke bought the Lakers, and he set special engineers to work on the matter. After much head scratching, they constructed a 360° antenna outside on the roof to catch the radio signal, and another 360° antenna inside that—oh, the magic of it—beams Golden Throat's voice right down to his courtside neighbors. Now, transistors babbling away at their ears in the grand old Los Angeles tradition, Laker fans listen happily while they're told what they are watching.

A WOMAN'S PLACE

In Benwood, W. Va. they called it the end of an era, and that was no overstatement. Herman Gongola, 240-pound fullback, played his last game for Union High School, which meant that next season, for the first time since 1942, no son of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Gongola will be on Union High's football team. Emil, Joe, Anthony, Vic, John, Pete, Tom, Ed, Fred, Stanley and Frank preceded Herman at Union, and in athletic competition the 12 of them won a total of 81 letters—an average of almost seven apiece. Before Herman's last game each of the boys—there are no Gongola daughters—was presented with a wallet, and Mr. and Mrs. Gongola were given a color television set.

The occasion was a great thrill for the elder Gongolas, and particularly so for Mrs. G. She was watching her first football game.

ONLY THE SPITBALL IS WET

The new stadium being built in St. Louis for the baseball and football Cardinals will include subterranean irrigation and heating systems. Underground drains will carry off excess water, and when electric soil-moisture sensors feel too dry, sprinkler heads will rise automatically and water the grass. To reassure those who fear that a sprinkler head might pop up in the home half of the ninth just in time to deflect a game-ending double-play ball, be it known that an electric

continued

They don't send you out of town to fail



Russ Jacobson—London Fog



Jim Roth—Woolco Stores



Bill Heubach—Union Bag-Camp Paper

But success doesn't come easy.

Ask our friends on the right. They'll tell you this: when you're out of town you have to sell, make decisions, solve problems.

To do this you have to keep your mind on your job. Not on ours.

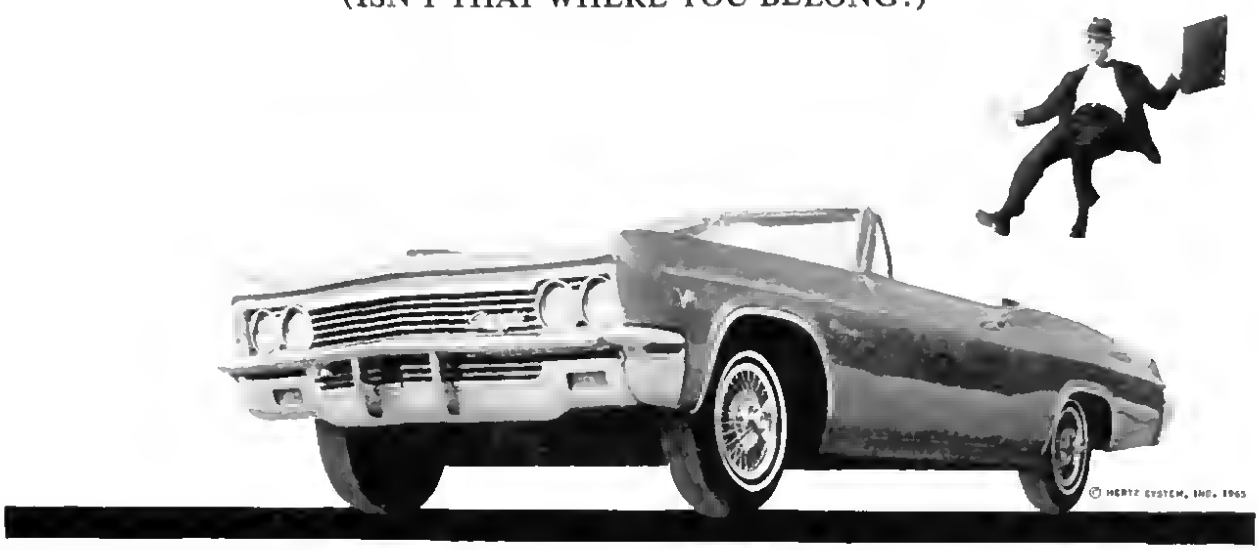
So we make sure you get a frisky, flawless Chevrolet or other fine car that you never have to think about. You should be distracted by profound considerations of gas tanks, empty or full—wipers, working or wacky? Ridiculous!

Busy, successful men are sent out of town to—succeed. That's why we try to make every Hertz office a way station of success.

Your success.

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat

(ISN'T THAT WHERE YOU BELONG?)



We have a paper watchman for you—Mead Safety Paper. At the merest hint of foul play, the word "cancelled" appears mysteriously. Wherever tampering occurs. (Another sly triumph by our research division.) Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD papers



Mead Papers, a division of The Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

When Gordie goes out, 'Chap Stick' goes on



Gordie Howe—star right winger, Detroit Red Wings

'Chap Stick' lip balm—heals, prevents dry, chapped lips

"Sure I use 'Chap Stick' during the hockey season," says Gordie Howe, "It's a must! But after the season, 'Chap Stick' doesn't get put aside. During the summer, when I'm on my boat, the hot sun can really be rough on my lips. But 'Chap Stick' protects— soothes my lips and helps heal them fast."

Wherever you go, go with- Chap Stick LIP BALM A Favorite In Canada

'CHAP STICK' IS A REG. T.M. OF CHAP STICK COMPANY, LYNCHBURG, VA.

timer will prevent casual watering during games.

Electric heating cables will melt snow and keep the turf unfrozen, and they will also provide a better playing surface by fostering a denser growth of grass: heat from the cables will inspire grass to keep on growing right through the winter.

It's all a little sad. Perfection always is. No more muddy, belly-whopping *catches of fly balls like the one Bob Allison* made in the World Series. No more desperately striving pass receivers disappearing into sideline snowdrifts. Unless—happy thought—there should be a power failure.

THROUGH IMPROPER CHANNELS

When a dedicated surfer sees water, he goes slightly off center. If he is a southern Californian and the water appears in all sorts of strange places—like coming straight down from the sky—he is likely to bust a mental grommet.

Take the case of Peter Talovich and John Tuck, two San Marino teen-agers who went surfing down the flooded Los Robles storm sewer. Twenty-five times they did it on everything from washboards to planks; on the 26th try they barely got out. Both lost their boards in sudden "wipe-outs," then couldn't climb up the washed-out walls of the storm drain. Police, who spent all day looking for the boys and fishing them out, said the surfers had gone down the drain for the last time.

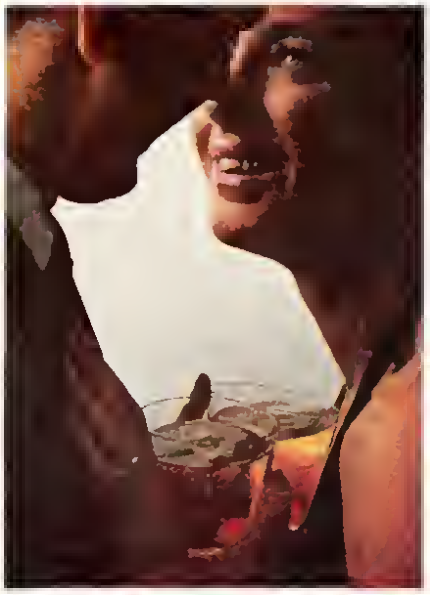
THE CONQUISTADORES

Spain's happy-go-lucky Davis Cup team is throwing Australian tennis into a turmoil. The four men who comprise the Spanish team flew into Sydney one morning last week, more than a fortnight after Australian Lawn Tennis Association officials had expected them to arrive. All four were wearing beach shirts, casual slacks, straw hats with bright red-and-white bands and shoes without socks, and they had huge strings of shells hung around their necks. Why were they late? "Perhaps it was two planes we missed," said Lis Arilla. "Who knows? Tahiti is such a beautiful spot."

Then Manuel Santana, the Spanish star and team captain and current U.S. singles champion, told the reception committee that he would not play in the Victorian championships that started last Saturday, nor the South Australian championships next week, and he added

continued





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Model shown: TC 5741 BWD

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**Price optional with dealer; subject to Fair Trade where applicable.



Model shown: RC 7831 BWD



Model shown: RC 7836 BPN

GENERAL ELECTRIC

AUDIO PRODUCTS DEPARTMENT, DECATUR, ILLINOIS

that after Davis Cup play in late December he had no intention of playing in the Australian championships in January. An official said, "He means that all the Spaniards want to do is play the Challenge Round, pocket around $45,000 [Spain's share of the Davis Cup gate] and go home immediately."

"You said it," grinned Santana.

He and his compatriots went off to inspect the rooms reserved for them in a motel, decided they didn't like them and registered instead at the plush Menzies Hotel, Sydney's newest. Said Santana, "My team doesn't sleep in twin rooms. We have singles. If someone wants to go to bed at 3 in the afternoon, why should he be disturbed by a teammate who wants to go to bed at 11 that night?"

That afternoon the four conquistadores appeared at White City Courts, *where the Challenge Round is to be* played, and to the amazement of the groundsmen strolled over the courts, hands in pockets, to "smell the grass," as Lis Arilla put it. The next morning all four were at White City again for a light warmup.

A pattern was emerging. Santana explained, "All I want to do is practice on the courts where we will play for the Davis Cup. We are going to do our practice *on the Davis Cup grass courts* because we need to get used to them. But don't worry, my friend. We will take the cup back with us. We will win by three matches to two. I will win both my singles, and we will win one of the other singles. We are not here in Australia to win state championships. It is the cup at the end of the rainbow that matters."

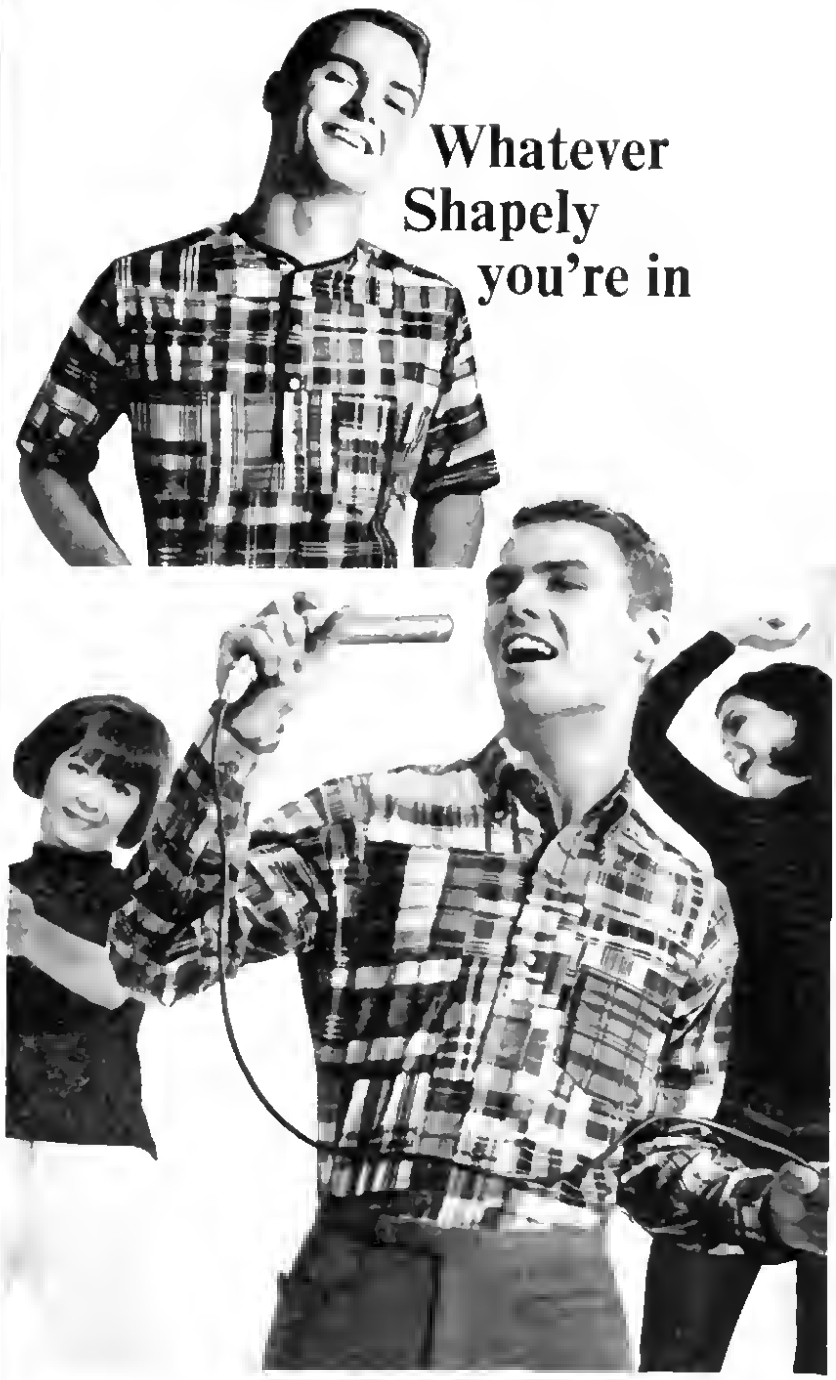
The irrepressible Arilla asked, "How many will come to see this Challenge Round?" About 10,000, he was told. He sniffed. "We would get 15,000 in Spain."

McGRAW'S FAULT

A. M. Benne, an 85-year-old chief of the Chippewa tribe who is still active in Boy Scout and Methodist Church work, claims that his onetime protege, Jim Thorpe, was a failure as a major league baseball player because of corrosive bawling-outs he received from his manager, the fiery John McGraw of the New York Giants.

"No Indian likes to be cursed," says Chief Benne. "The Indian languages contained no curse words, and even a subtle barb was as insulting as a slap in the face. When McGraw swore at him,

continued



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Jim would sulk and then McGraw would bench him. That made Thorpe boiling mad and hastened the end of his baseball career."

Old baseball hands say it was because Jim couldn't hit the curve ball.

MONEY TALK

Baltimore Colt football players Bob Boyd and Bob Vogel were at one of those question-and-answer lunches last week when someone asked: "What do you think of the length of the season and some of those phony bowl games that are tacked on at the end?"

"I think," replied Boyd, apologetically, "that you are referring to the Playoff Bowl in Miami and the way Green Bay went down there last year and didn't exactly play its best game. Well, there was a lot of talk about that at the meeting of the Players' Association last winter, and I think the situation has been corrected. This year each member of the winning team will receive $1,200 and the losers will get only $500. That's a $700 difference, and $700 is $700."

There were a few groans of disapproval from the audience, and Vogel broke in to say, "I hope you don't think pro football players are oriented to money."

Then, through a wide, boyish grin, he added, "But you just can't beat the stuff."

MAGNA CHARTA

Back in 1963 L. F. Pierce of Lee County, North Carolina was seated at ringside when a 240-pound wrestler landed in his lap. Pierce sued. Last week the North Carolina State Supreme Court upheld a lower court ruling to the effect that the promoter of the match was not liable for damages because Pierce, a longtime wrestling fan, was aware of the possible danger to anyone sitting in a ringside seat. So now it has been established that if you are hit by a flying wrestler in North Carolina you have only yourself to blame, you have to pay your own medical bills and you don't even get to keep the wrestler.

LIKE HE'S 12 FEET TALL

The Henderson County Junior College Cardinals of Athens, Texas have a quarterback, euphoniously named Inez Perez, who stands 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs barely 150 pounds. Perez does not look safe down there with the 6-foot 3-inch ends and the 225-pound lineback-

ers, but his fans aren't worried. "The way he plays, he's 12 feet tall in my eyes," one spectator said, and his admirers include players on opposing teams. When Perez blocked a man a foot taller and 75 pounds heavier in one game this season, the tackle gasped approvingly, "Atta way, hot dog. Keep comin' at me." Now the Cardinals have received a bid to the Junior Rose Bowl Game in Pasadena, and junior-sized Inez Perez, who has quarterbacked the team to a perfect 10–0 record, may make it 11.

THE BAD ANKLE

The best all-round player on the world champion Los Angeles Dodgers is Tommy Davis, who broke his ankle last May 1 and was unable to play another inning for the Dodgers the rest of the season. Dodger fans cannot be blamed for thinking dreamily of next year . . . all this (Koufax, Drysdale, Wills) and Tommy Davis, too. But Davis is still not back in shape. "I go up there and hit," he said the other day in Arizona, where he is working out in a winter instructional league, "but that's about all I can do. I guess it's just a matter of time, but I never dreamed it would take so long."

HERE WE GO AGAIN

News should not be suppressed—however depressing. Therefore, with heavy heart, we report to those interested over the years in such things as goldfish swallowing and telephone-booth stuffing that eight deep thinkers from Iota Kappa Epsilon fraternity at Creighton University celebrated the Bluejays' fast-break offense by dribbling a basketball from one end of a court in Manhattan, Kans. (home of Kansas State, Creighton's first opponent this season) to the other end, then out a door and along a highway for 225 miles until they reached Creighton's home court in Omaha, where they shot a basket. Took 46 hours and two basketballs (the first one wore out). Golly.

THEY SAID IT

• Joe Kirkpatrick, coach of the Oklahoma State Penitentiary basketball team, the Outlaws: "We lost some mighty good boys from last year because of paroles but, crime being what it is, we've picked up some good ones since then, too."

• Joe Gasparella, Carnegie Tech football coach and former Fulbright scholar, asked if his job was in jeopardy: "I would like to think that it is. It would show somebody is interested." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 6, 1965

'BAMA PLOWS THEM

LEVITON ATLANTA



UNDER

The rivalry was earnest when the sophisticates of Alabama met their country cousins from Auburn, but the jokes flew, the game was a model of decorum and Bear Bryant's Tide murdered the War Eagles **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**



Paul (Bear) Bryant said he had not tried to sleep yet, but when he got serious about it he would take his pill and that would take care of that. He had on his red-on-red pajamas and his bedroom slippers and every now and then, when a visitor came to room 914 at the Pick-Bankhead Hotel, Bryant would jump up and grab his plastic raincoat and bundle it around him. Eventually he would get it off again, because Birmingham was uncommonly warm for late November and Bryant was getting moist anyhow. On the next day his Alabama football team would have to play Auburn.

As it turned out, Alabama did not play Auburn so much as it plowed the War Eagles under, but Bear Bryant had no way of knowing that would happen, and for the present he was treating himself to some night-before torture, wondering if he had covered all the contingencies, and paying perfunctory attention to Mary Harmon Bryant as she tried to get reality religion across to one guest who had failed to grasp the significance of this Auburn thing. "Auburn-Alabama is . . . well . . . it's just *everything*," said the coach's wife. "We don't have riots, or folks don't burn each other's cars or anything like that, but an awful lot of people get their *feelings* hurt."

A couple from Tuscaloosa had come in, and Bryant had gone through the raincoat ritual and then shut off the television set so conversation could flow. "I was about to cry anyway," he said. "It's that Lou Gehrig movie. I've seen it before. It always makes me cry."

He got up for a cigarette and let it hang unlighted in his mouth. "Lordy, I wish this game was right now. I feel like I've been waiting for it all my life. I know the team must be tired of waiting. They were ready to play Wednesday."

The friend from Tuscaloosa said the whole state was in its usual twit over the game and that reason had vanished and dementia had again settled over the city of Birmingham. Everybody was running around yelling, "Ro-o-oll Tide!" and "Waaah Eeegull!" and three million other people in the state would give anything to be the 70,000 who had tickets to get in Legion Field on Saturday. Grown men and women were carrying signs into hotel lobbies that said I NEED TWO and I'LL SETTLE FOR ONE, $ NO OBJECT, and even scalpers were having trouble getting tickets.

"That sure is true," said Mary Harmon Bryant. "I've been running around for days trying to get a couple."

"Why didn't you tell me?" said Bryant.

Mary Harmon grinned. "There are some important things a wife doesn't tell her husband."

The game is played at Legion Field in Birmingham, which calls itself the football capital of the South, because it is

continued

Quarterback Alex Bowdan (15) was a late-blooming Auburn hero but against a rush he threw more to Alabama than his own team.



Outwardly calm, Coach Bryant leans against goa.posts as 'Bama takes pregame warmup.

ALABAMA *continued*

a neutral site. The first time the two teams played was in 1892. Auburn won 32–22, and a breathless newspaper account reported that the crowd was too large to be handled by one man. But in 1907 something happened—an "incident"—and for the next 41 years Auburn and Alabama did not play. No one seems to remember what precipitated the break—exaggerations range from "just a little old-fashioned hell-raising" to "some killing and maiming"—but the schools got together again in 1948.

Perhaps because they do not want to risk any more of those unrefreshing 41-year pauses, Auburn and Alabama have been careful to mind their manners since, with no plots executed, no crimes committed. By the standards of most traditional rivalries, this one is mild. War Eagle IV, the Auburn mascot, was shot down last year, but no one even considered blaming Alabama. On the Friday night before last week's game the two teams wound up at the same movie house and stood outside afterward peacefully renewing acquaintances, and in some cases blood relationships.

This is not to say Alabama and Auburn do not snipe at each other. They do, and they begin with definitions. An Auburn man to an Alabama man is a guy who has plowman's stoop and drives a pickup truck to the game on Saturday. Auburn is Cow College. Auburn people call Alabama people country-clubbers and silly sophisticates. They derive satisfaction from pointing out that Shug Jordan, the Auburn coach, high-mindedly refuses to endorse any kind of product, even the ones sponsoring his Sunday television show, while Paul Bryant munches Golden Flake Potato Chips on *his* TV show as though he really liked them. Alabama people say the only reason Jordan has a show is to alibi for mistakes made on Saturday, and if he ever lost his list of excuses he would have to cancel out. Auburn people say there is nothing cornier than Paul Bryant talking about Mamas and Papas. "And he mumbles," says an Auburn man.

Paul Bryant-Shug Jordan stories make the rounds, but the two maintain a cordial relationship, and occasionally even get together for a grimace-and-bear-it round of golf. They are not really buddy-buddy, however, because they are in a terribly direct competition—the continuing dogfight for the state's best high school football players.

Jordan played at Auburn and came back to be its coach in 1951, Auburn had lost 10 in a row the year before. Just like that he had the War Eagles—or Tigers or Plainsmen, your choice—out of purgatory and winging. They later ran up a string of five victories over Alabama and won a national championship in 1957. Then in 1958 Paul Bryant, a former Alabama player, came back to be *his* team's coach. Alabama had won four games in the previous three years. Since then, The Tide has beaten Auburn six out of eight and won two national championships.

"Bryant," said Jordan in a moment of reflection last week, "made us work harder." Jordan understated the case. Auburn is known as a technical and agricultural school, although it is much more than that. "But when you've got doctors and lawyers recruiting against engineers and farmers," says one Auburn man, "the doctors and lawyers win every time." It is likely that in knuckles-down competition Alabama gets as many as eight of every 10 good high school football players in the state.

You might not have expected either team to wind up as royalty after the first games of the season, because Alabama got knocked off by Georgia 18–17 and Auburn lost to Baylor. One night after the Georgia game, Bryant says, he dropped his car keys in a campus parking lot and was down on all fours trying to find them when he heard two coeds passing comments on his posture. One of them (Bryant's words again) said, "Look at that. He loses one lousy game and right away he turns into an idiot."

The story demonstrates that Bryant can make up Bear Bryant stories along with the rest. It does not tell you that the Georgia loss turned Bryant into a doubter of the newly allowed two-platoon play. He discovered there were boys on his offensive team who were sorely needed to help his little boys play defense. Little is not a facetious term—neither Alabama line, offensive or defensive, averages 200 pounds a man. He found as many as 14 players capable of absorbing instructions on both.

Center Paul Crane wound up playing 50 minutes a game. Crane was so consistent a blocker and so fierce a tackler that an LSU man challenged his program weight of 191. "He weighs at least 215 pounds," said the LSU man. Publicist Charley Thornton got out the scales for a weigh-in. Crane weighed 194.

Alabama also had the best fullback in the league—Steve Bowman, the leading ground-gainer—and, unsurprise of unsurprises, Steve Sloan turned out to be just the quarterback to follow Joe Namath into the hearts of Alabamans. The fact was that Sloan, who had been playing second chair to Namath for two years—but a very active second chair because Namath was out frequently—always came through beautifully. He is a handsome boy, with glistening teeth and a case of double humbleness. He has serious doubts that he will be able to play pro football because he thinks he does not throw hard enough. He is also the most accurate passer Alabama ever had.

With Bowman running and Sloan throwing and that little defensive team swarming over everybody, Alabama did not lose again after the Georgia game, though there was a tie with Tennessee, and it had accepted its second straight

Orange Bowl invitation when it went out to play Auburn on Saturday. Auburn, which had lost two more games outside the SEC, did not figure to be a challenger, but within the conference it somehow had stayed unbeaten and it would now play Alabama for the championship. Auburn, too, had accepted a bowl bid—to the Liberty Bowl in Memphis—a prize, to be sure, but hardly an appropriate one, Auburn people were saying, if the Tigers were to beat Alabama and win the SEC.

Jordan made a major change in midseason that had a galvanizing effect on his offense. Never one to put much stock in the forward pass, he now put his best running quarterback, Tom Bryan, at fullback, and Alex Bowden, an ungainly kid who had been around Auburn five years and at one point was listed as a fifth-stringer, became his No. 1 quarterback. Bowden tripped over his own feet just trotting onto the field for one game, but all he did was start throwing 50-yard touchdown passes. Jordan found he was enjoying football more. "Exhilarating," he said. "I think the passing game is exhilarating."

Friday night it rained, but when Bryant went down for breakfast with the team Saturday the weather was clear and cool. Six Alabama professors, including two women, were there. They were part of Bryant's continuing effort to stimulate a rapport between the faculty and the football program. He invites a group at a time to come join the team at practice, in meetings and at meals. "But they've been disillusioned," he said, grinning. "They expected me to sound like Knute Rockne." Bryant speaks slowly, deliberately, and is analytical almost to a fault. One of the professors said he wished he could get his messages across as well as Bryant does.

A kickoff-to-victory-party chalk-talk followed breakfast, and Bryant eventually got around to Quarterback Bowden. "Now this is the boy they think can beat you throwing the football. Well, he can throw it pretty good, all right. But what we're going to find out is how good he can throw sitting on his fanny."

Bowden will have dreams about what happened last Saturday. Rushed into mistakes and often on his fanny, he passed wobblers and floaters, and sometimes he threw too long and sometimes he threw too short. His receivers were dogged by clinging little characters like John Mosely and Bobby Johns and David Ray, who combined zone with man-to-man coverage and never let anybody get behind them. It soon became a matter of which team would catch most of Bowden's passes, Auburn or Alabama, and Alabama won—seven interceptions to six completions.

Meanwhile, Sloan was throwing like the pro he thinks he is not good enough to become. He, too, was rushed and dumped hard and often, but he had the poise that comes from experience that Bowden did not have, and invariably he was on target. He completed 13 of 18 for 226 yards, three for touchdowns —to Tommy Tolleson for 11 yards, to Ray Perkins for 33 yards and to a sophomore who wasn't even listed in the program, Don Shankles, for 29 yards. When Publicist Thornton finished totting up, he announced grandly that Sloan had broken Namath's one-season passing record with 1,453 yards and Harry Gilmer's total-offense record with 1,499, had set a completion record (97) and a percentage record (60.6) and, most impressive of all his statistics, had now thrown 91 straight passes without an interception. And eight-point-favored Alabama won easily 30–3.

For Bryant it was his 53rd victory in 60 regular-season games over the last six years. In private, he told his players, "You've come a long way. You're as good as anybody now." He promised them they now could have a look at Nebraska, the team they will meet in the Orange Bowl on New Year's Day. (He had discouraged their watching the Nebraska-Oklahoma game on television on Thanksgiving Day because he wanted nothing to interfere with their thinking about Auburn.)

And all around the dressing room those Orange Bowl officials in green blazers smiled and shook hands and marveled at their genius in picking Alabama to play Nebraska. They chortled on, and one of the coaches passed around a copy of Ken Meyer's story reproduced on the cover of Alabama's game plan. Meyer is the Alabama offensive backfield coach. A tiger, his story goes, kept going from one jungle animal to another, exerting his authority. "Yes, sir, you're the lord of this here kingdom," they kept answering him, until he moved farther back into the jungle, where he came upon this peaceful-looking red elephant. He challenged the elephant to tell him who was lord and the elephant booted him into the air, fielded him with a tusk and pitched him into the bushes. When the battered tiger finally crept out, he looked up and said, "Man, just because you don't know the right answer you don't have to get smart." **END**

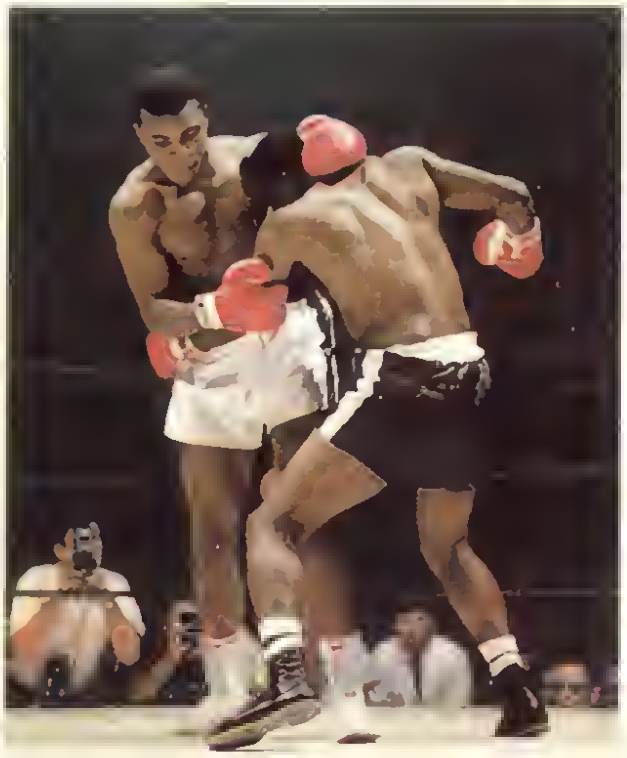


Spoofing downstate Auburn "yokels," an Alabaman walks a chicken during pregame pep rally.

THE GIANT THEY LOVE TO HATE

Like him or not—and the crescendo of boos that greeted him when he stepped into the ring made it obvious that lots of people do not—Cassius Clay showed in Las Vegas last week that he is a giant among his peers. So completely did he humble Floyd Patterson that detractors now sneer at the fight as a horrible mismatch—which is a perverse bit of nonsense, since some of them had picked Patterson to win. Clay's triumph was hardly a moment of unalloyed glory, however. He has ever been aware that unpopularity is remunerative, but this time he exceeded himself in his bad-guy role as he put on a fancy Dan display that was part impressive boxing and part exhibitionism and hysteria, as the photographs on the next two pages show. By the time he sat grumpily at his postfight press conference he was both winner and loser. A fight that permits such a contradiction raises stimulating questions—technical ones, emotional ones, personal ones. *Beginning on page 45, Gilbert Rogin gives some of the answers.*







Cley's domination is reflected in these contemptuous—if risky—antics. At left, he casually ties up Floyd, then gives him back of his hand.





Later in the fight overpowering Cassius holds a disabled Patterson at arm's length and (right) *seemingly hoists him off the canvas by nose.*

After knockdown wooden-legged Patterson gains time when referee stops count to get hereinguing Cley to neutral corner.





A Black Muslim pin on his lapel and with Bodyguard Cap'n Sam peering over his shoulder, the natty champion glowers at press after victory.

The downcast challangar, his face curiously unmarked by Clay's barrage of punches, is embraced by his mother as he makes his way from the ring.



NOT A GREAT FIGHT, BUT IT WAS A REAL ONE

by GILBERT ROGIN

In the past, in private, Cassius Clay, also known as Muhammad Ali, has referred to himself as Superspade. So if he can clear tall mosques in a single bound it follows that he didn't knock out Floyd Patterson because he didn't want to. No, it doesn't follow. Clay admits he wasn't trying in the first four rounds, but after that it was for real, since he had somewhat cruelly prophesied:

I'm going to put him flat on his back
So that he will start acting black.

Or, as Chris Dundee, his manager's brother, says, sort of kidding, "Clay lied to me. He told me he would carry him for six or seven rounds and then knock him out, so he made me blow a bet, the bum."

Clay didn't knock Patterson out because, in less than 25 words, he couldn't.

As Manager Angelo Dundee puts it, "He started out at a slow pace, and when you do that it's difficult to gear up."

If you don't knock a Patterson out early, you don't knock him out. He doesn't have a glass jaw. What he has is poor balance, and in the first few rounds, when he is readily diverted, he doesn't see the punches. It is a type of stage fright, which generally passes after the third round.

Moreover, Clay became conspicuously arm-weary and faintly alarmed. When he failed to put Patterson away in the sixth it dawned on him that the fight might go 15. As he said, "Fighting at that pace tires a man out, and the last four rounds can get you beat. I hit him so regular and so hard I had to back off to keep from wearing myself out." Indeed, Patterson was punching stronger at the end than in the beginning; the referee gave him the 11th round.

Clay said beforehand he was going to "chastise" Patterson. After it was all over he acknowledged he had done that, and that he had no regrets, because "I do what I want to do. I'm something else. I'm a new kind of man." This is a man who lives off his ego as the salamander is supposed to have his tail for lunch. He also said he was going to knock Patterson out. So what would be the point in letting him stand there?

Actually, Clay's aim was not as true as it sometimes has been. He was hitting a lot of elbows and the top of Patterson's head—witness the swollen hands Clay displayed after the fight. Although Floyd was impeded by his aching back, so that he could not pivot to his left or bob in more than one direction, he was much more adroit than heretofore at knocking aside and picking off punches—witness his unmarked face. This is all the more remarkable because Patterson suffered a hitherto undisclosed blood clot in his left eye that greatly limited his vision. Says Floyd: "If Clay had realized this, he could have hit me all night long with right hands."

About the bad back. Patterson has had it for more than a decade—it has now been traced back to 1952—and it was never any kind of a secret, he slept on a board for years. It comes and it goes, and it could just as easily have happened in any of his previous fights, so if he was defrauding the public by going into the ring against Clay, he had been defrauding it all along. According to Dr. Reginald Gold, a chiropractor who used to treat Patterson, what Floyd has is a subluxation, which is a slight rotation of the fifth lumbar vertebra. This tends to go out of whack because of Patterson's constant weaving and the great wrenches when he misses hooks. Dr. Gold openly accompanied Patterson to the third Ingemar Johansson fight and to both Sonny Liston fights. After nearly every training session he would set up his portable table and work on Floyd.

Dr. Gold says that all the squeezing and lifting that Patterson's corner subjected him to between rounds could well have aggravated the back condition instead of helping it. If he had been in the corner he would have made Patterson lie down in the one-minute rest period between rounds and, by manipulation, corrected the dislocation. Another of this opinion is Cus D'Amato, Patterson's estranged manager. Cus actually had risen from his seat and was headed for Patterson's corner preparatory to climbing in the ring and throwing Floyd on his back, when he realized that this would have disqualified the fighter.

The day after the fight Mickey Allan and Buster Watson, his friends and cornermen, lowered Patterson onto a bed in the Dunes Hotel. Lying rigidly, Floyd talked about what had just happened to him and what he suspected lay ahead: "If last night the devil had come by and said, 'I'll make your back better if you let me blind you in one eye, flatten your nose, take away all your teeth and give you a cauliflower ear,' I'd have made the deal gladly. I wouldn't need a disguise then would I? I wanted to take a knife and just cut that whole piece of my back out. All I could do was stand there like a Pygmy. This thing back here—I can never tell you the feeling. Baby, this thing. I'm not making any excuses. What happened would have probably happened anyway, but if I could just have said the hell with my back and fought my fight. I couldn't think about throwing punches. My mind was back there. *Quit?* Can you picture *me* sitting in a corner? As long as I could stand on these two legs and every once in a while throw *one* punch. . . . I just wanted one more chance, a little more time. Maybe if the referee had waited until the next round, and then the next, and then the next would have been the last. There was one chance in a thousand. I have that one chance. It crossed my mind last night. I said to myself at one point—I don't know in what round—that there wasn't even the one chance. I said, 'Why doesn't

continued on page 106

COLLEGE BASKETBALL 1966

The dribbles, drives and dunks begin in earnest on a thousand campus hardwood floors this week. Sports Illustrated's 40-page tribute to the oncoming four-month season starts on page 48 with its ranking, in order, of the top 20 teams in the nation. But even before the first official whistle a startling and significant development occurred in Los Angeles, where UCLA's defending champions (generally favored to retain their No. 1 status) met a much-heralded opponent at the dedication of their own new palace of sport

THE HOT BRUBABES

In 1948, when Johnny Wooden came from Indiana State Teachers College to coach UCLA basketball, the Bruins played their home games in a 2,000-seat Turkish bath disguised as a gymnasium and accurately nicknamed the B.O. Barn. The dirty old gym was abandoned in 1955, much to the relief of the fire and health departments, and since then the team has wandered to a Hollywood exhibit hall, a high school, two junior colleges and the downtown Sports Arena, which is next door to the campus of arch-rival USC. Still the Bruins have almost always won. They were the NCAA champions the past two seasons, and in a preseason poll this year a board of coaches overwhelmingly selected them No. 1. Last Saturday night Wooden brought his highly rated nomads home again for "A Salute to John R. Wooden" in the beautiful new 13,000-seat Pauley Pavilion on the Westwood campus. It was a remarkable homecoming and a crazy beginning for the college basketball season.

Before a near-capacity crowd and a local TV audience, the No. 1 team in the nation was beaten by 15 points. The upset was not pulled off by Michigan or Vanderbilt but by the best freshman team in UCLA history and maybe the best freshman team in anybody's history. The Brubabes, as they are called locally, may become the substitute stars in a soon-to-start weekly color television program, *Johnny Wooden's Champions in Action.*

The game was more than a housewarming for the campus sports palace, more than a preview of a national contender and, despite three standing ovations for him, more than a tribute to John Wooden. The feature attraction amid all the hoopla was the collegiate debut of 7-foot-1 freshman Lew Alcindor, the most publicized Los Angeles newcomer since Vivien Leigh was picked for the female lead in *Gone with the Wind.*

Alcindor went to a private high school in New York City and was carefully shielded from reporters by his coach. UCLA is following the same policy—so intently that the L.A. press is debating whether Big Lew can really talk. A *Los Angeles Times* photographer snapped a picture of him watching a football scrimmage, and when the picture appeared UCLA authorities scolded the paper. Reporters are allowed to watch him practice but are asked not to interview him. A staff member explained that the university was merely complying with the boy's wishes for privacy, or as much privacy as is possible for someone 7 feet 1.

To provide tough preparation for his agile giant, Wooden hired 6-foot-8 Jay Carty, a former Oregon State player conveniently studying for an advanced degree at UCLA. Jay tries to shoot against and guard Lew in practice sessions, usually without success, but he at least offers some competition. So, mum was the word as Lew hung around Westwood, wearing a sombrero and working hard against Carty every afternoon. Whether he talked or not the clippings piled up, and they sometimes hardly mentioned the fast company he was keeping on the freshman team. There was 6-foot-2 Lucius Allen, a high school All-America from Kansas City, Kans., reportedly the finest prep prospect ever developed in that state; Lynn Shackelford, 6-foot-5 high school All-America from Burbank, Calif., so deadly a left-hand shooter that his teammates call him The Machine; 6-foot-3½ Kenny Heitz from Santa Maria, Calif., still an-

other high school All-America, and a good-shooting, nonscholarship boy from Texas, Kent Taylor. Any coach would give up his driest crying towel for a freshman team like that.

From the start of the game Saturday night, the freshmen paid no attention to the TV cameras, the big crowd or the prancing pompon girls. They had so much poise they barely paid attention to the varsity's fabled and feared zone press. One way they beat it was to station Alcindor in the middle of the free-throw circle. If no one else was clear for an inbounds pass, the pass-in man could always toss the ball into the rafters for Lew. He then passed off and hurried to center court for duty in case somebody else got stuck. (Coaches without an Alcindor on their squads may refer to page 77 for ideas on beating the press.)

The varsity was sloppy at first and inaccurate in its shooting throughout, despite the presence of lettermen Kenny Washington (twice an NCAA tournament star), Edgar Lacey, Mike Lynn and Doug McIntosh. The latter two often draped themselves around Alcindor like human shawls. Part of the elder team's trouble was the absence of senior Guard Freddie Goss, who watched the game while on leave from the hospital, where he has been undergoing treatment for a mysterious internal ailment. There have been at least four scrimmages since Goss was hospitalized, yet he still has the most points in the cumulative practice statistics. The loss of his scoring hurt against the freshmen and will hurt even more against such rough early-season foes as Ohio State, Duke and Kansas. When he will be able to return is uncertain.

Alcindor completely missed the hoop on his first shot, but that was the end of such behavior. He tipped in shots, whirled around McIntosh to stuff in others and displayed a good, short-range, turnaround jumper, all the time dominating the defensive backboard. Lucius Allen was a fine ball handler, leaper and shooter, and the two of them, with sharpshooting Shackelford, led the Brubabes to a 36-31 half-time lead. They played even better in the second half, calmly and slowly setting up their plays, and won 75-60. At one point they led by 18. Alcindor had 31 points and 21 rebounds and blocked seven shots. Allen had 16 points, Shackelford 12. Lynn led the varsity with just 12.

Afterward, Coach Wooden admitted he used his varsity subs more than he would have in a conference game. This was a factor, but the freshmen's big spurt at the start of the second half was against the varsity starters. He also said he was "disappointed but not surprised" at the varsity performance. On the other hand, he was tickled. "I was impressed by their poise," he said of the Brubabes. "They looked more like the varsity than the varsity."

The impression made on everybody by Ferdinand Lewis Alcindor was best demonstrated near the end of the game, when a tall UCLA sub, a bit harried, yelled to his teammates, "I've got Alcindor." The crowd heard it and laughed, as if to say, "That's what *you* think, buddy."

Johnny Wooden joined in with a grin—and who could blame him?

—JOE JARES



Surrounded by varsity players, Alcindor easily gets off one of the shots that led to victory by freshman team.

CONTINUED

SCOUTING REPORTS

With the top 20 teams this year are a famous coach who adores chili, a player who may be the West Coast eating champion and an eastern star on a crash diet



Matt Guokas Sr. is a past master at St. Joe's. Matt Jr. is a passing master there.

ST. JOSEPH'S

Matt Guokas Jr., a 6-foot-5½ guard and the best passer on campus, bounced the ball through a collage of hands, and Cliff Anderson, a 6-foot-4 center, snared it, reached over the rim and laid it in. Matt Guokas Sr., watching the practice session, smiled at the display. "When Matty was young," he said, "he always played with kids a lot older. That's when he learned to pass." His son found Forward Tom Duff clear on the side. "Matty knew the older kids would let him play with them if he kept passing. You let the kid play who is feeding you," said Guokas Sr. And Matty Jr., an All-America although he averaged only 13 points a game last year, is still passing. He passes so much that no less an authority on selflessness than Bill Bradley once suggested that Guokas should work more for his own shots.

Guokas (pronounced *goo*-cass) is "the key," according to St. Joe's Coach Jack Ramsay, to the most cohesive team in the country. After a full season together and a 17-game summer State Department tour in South America, the team also appears to be the best. There was not a senior among the regulars last year when the Hawks surprised everybody (Ramsay, particularly) with a 26–3 record. This year Ramsay, an articulate doctor of education, says they are the best he has ever had. There is not much height and little bench, but the Hawk —as they scream it at the Palestra—looks as if it will come flying in.

"This is the same kind of team as the Mighty Mites," Guokas Sr. said as Matty hooked the ball to Forward Marty Ford. "On a graduated scale, of course." The Mighty Mites were the most famous of the early St. Joe's teams, a combination

continued





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Now Fairlane swings out with a great new look, new models – including three of the newest convertibles on the road!

You get the idea when you take your first look at the '66 Fairlane GT convertible. Standard equipment includes bucket seats, sporty console, big 390 cubic-inch V-8, and more. GT has options like GT/A, which means Sport Shift Cruise-O Matic, our new automatic transmission that you can also shift like a manual. Some car! New this year too are an XL convertible, a Squire wagon with Magic Doorgate (swings open like a door for people *and* swings down like a tailgate for cargo!). This year we re-invented Fairlane. Drive one today and see!

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that included Matt Guokas Sr. as a 6-foot-3 center and four itty-bitty Hawks, only one as tall as 6 feet, scooting all around him. A few years later Guokas Sr. was a member of the first championship team, the 1946–47 Philadelphia Warriors, in what is now the NBA. After that season he lost his left leg in an auto accident. He has, however, maintained a close association with athletics, and still gives basketball clinics in playgrounds all over Philadelphia. He was also the radio play-by-play man for the Warriors for six years, and is now the P.A. announcer for both the Eagles and Phillies. For a long time he worked the broadcasts of the Big Five basketball games, but had to give that up because no matter how objective he sought to be, suspicious fans said Matt Guokas Sr. was 1) too complimentary to Matt Guokas Jr., or 2) too critical of same.

Matty used to keep score for his father on Warrior broadcasts and is still his best spotter for the Eagle games. "Most people follow the ball," Guokas Sr. said as Matty flipped over to Billy Oakes on a fast break. "So you get a spotter and tell him to check the defense for tackles. But Matty can follow the ball and still pick up the line play and give me three tacklers on every play." Although he has started wearing contacts for farsightedness, Matty still spots his basketball teammates with the same visual agility. "If we can get Matty around the free-throw line with the ball," Ramsay says, "something is going to happen for us."

Matty originally went to the University of Miami. He still talks fondly of that school, but decided to come back home to his father's alma mater after his freshman year. That decision deprived Rick Barry, the country's top scorer at Miami last season, of two years of Matty's passing. Guokas and Anderson joined St. Joe's varsity last year and moved it up immediately. Anderson not only led the team in scoring, but despite his limited height was, amazingly, 10th in rebounds in the nation with 15 a game. All Hawk starters were well in double figures as scorers, with the two consistent forwards, Ford and Duff, both at 12, and Oakes, the scrappy 5-foot-11 guard, at 16.

Short of reserves, however, the Hawks peaked early and were worn down by the time they reached the NCAA. Ramsay, a master of switching defenses, had his team pressing hard and often all over the court. "We're so small that we have to make our defense control the game," he says. "We almost have to eliminate an opponent's favorite moves, so that our own weaknesses cannot be manifested. With our size, we simply can't let the other team work the ball inside." Capitalizing on Matty's ball handling, he had his team run more, too. "It was effort, effort, effort," Ramsay says. "And eventually, it just took its toll. We've got to try to compensate for that some way during this season."

"I remember," Matty says. "It was near the end of the first half of the Penn game. And that was just January, early in the season. All of a sudden, I felt it. I was just so tired. Well not tired, just" —he dropped his arms limply—"just blah. I thought, 'Oh, no, this can't be happening now.' "

The Hawks have not picked up any significant additions to the squad, but last year's sixth man, 6-foot-7 honor student Chuck McKenna, has improved considerably and will be used much more. In fact, in South America, Ramsay toyed with a lineup that had McKenna at center and Anderson at guard. There are not many center-guard types like Anderson around, but there are not many teams as disciplined as this one, either, or as versatile or as capable of making a game go its way. The St. Joe's defense dominates. Then Guokas passes, and everybody can score.

2 KANSAS

Riney Lochmann and Walt Wesley showed up at Lawrence as freshmen three years ago. Lochmann, a husky 6 feet 5 from downstate in Wichita, was all the rave. A two-time high school All-America, he cannot even estimate the number of colleges that fought over him. It is so silly, the way things have worked out, that Riney blushes when he admits they called him "Superman" then. This kid was going to put Kansas basketball back on top.

Wesley, 6 feet 11 worth of legs and dreams, came from a segregated high school in Fort Myers, Fla. He had had maybe five colleges interested in him. After all, he had averaged hardly a dozen points a game. He often tumbled over

continued



Walt Wesley is counted on to help restore KU glory symbolized by trophies.

his own legs on court. For laughs, at Kansas they like to bring out films of his freshman play. "You can't believe the improvement," Lochmann says. "I mean, it is incredible."

Wesley averaged 23 points last year, Lochmann 7. These things happen to high school All-Americas. They particularly happen to All-Americas like Lochmann, a kid who matured early and could overpower his prep opposition. At Kansas he found out soon enough that he was not quite fast enough or quick enough, not quite that good a shooter or that powerful a rebounder. The thing about Lochmann, however, is that he could adjust. "I have never seen a boy put out like this one," Coach Ted Owens says. "We've got a lot of forwards fighting to start, but none of them can ever begrudge Riney anything he accomplishes." Last year Lochmann managed to piece together such an all-round performance in the Big Eight tournament that, although he was not picked on the all-star team, he was voted the co-MVP of the tournament. "I've never heard of that before," Owens says.

Wesley represents the other extreme —the long-legged kid who grew up and gained coordination late. "Yes, I guess I did shoot up," he says, straight-faced. "Why, I was only 6 feet 6 in my freshman year in high school, and I was 6 feet 10 when I graduated." Wesley, unlike Lochmann, must be pushed all the time, and Owens keeps at him. "I just want him to be great," Owens says with feeling.

The Jayhawkers start off as much the best in the Big Eight. On the freshman team they have a terrific 6-foot-2 guard named Jo Jo White who will be eligible for the varsity at midyear. Next to UCLA, and with or without White, Kansas has the best freshman team in the country, so White is almost sure to be called up to replace one of the starting guards—Al Lopes or Del Lewis. Wesley, of course, is set in a very low post—almost begging the opposition to play in front of him. The Jayhawkers work hard at special lob drills. At the forwards Rod Franz, a junior, Rod Bohnenstiehl, a sophomore, and Bob Wilson, a transfer, are all better than Lochmann. "O.K.," says Lochmann. "If they beat me out, it's going to mean we'll have an awfully good team, and that's all right with me."

3 DUKE

Connected to the phone in Vic Bubas' office is an efficient-looking gadget on which two rows of lights flash silently, not interfering at all with the soft music piped into the speaker above the desk. If you know Vic Bubas you know the lights represent calls—long-distance calls —and that they are all being efficiently channeled to various assistant coaches by a battery of blonde secretaries. And you know that none of the calls are frivolous. No, sir. Vic Bubas does not work that way. Trivia is not tolerated in the wood-paneled offices at the northeast end of Duke's Indoor Stadium; if a call gets as far as an assistant coach, you know it concerns a tall, agile lad in Albuquerque, or the character flaw in the hotshot guard from California that Duke *may* meet in a tournament later this year. All such information will be brought to the attention of Bubas later in the board of directors room, recorded in triplicate and carefully filed. And that is one way to run a basketball team.

So what, you ask? So Duke has won more games (115) than any other major-college team in the country over the last five years, and when you figure who is going to be the best you *always* consider Duke. Ask any outstanding white player in the country (Duke has not recruited Negro athletes) what colleges he seriously considered attending and the odds are he will tell you they were Duke and the college he is attending—which may be Duke also. Once a player gets to Duke he is fed, counseled and prepared to play basketball as few students are fed, counseled and prepared to do anything anywhere. Practice sessions are preceded by staff meetings that would make a Cabinet session appear spontaneous. When the sweep-second hand hits 4:30, the whistle blows. There are no last shots at the basket, no banter, no horseplay —just an immediate dash to assigned places. If the initial drill calls for hopping up and down the length of the floor, that is exactly what happens. Not before the whistle, of course.

Most of Duke's assets return this year, meaning Jack Marin, a 6-foot-6 senior who scored 19 points a game; 6-foot-1 Steve Vacendak (16), who, once in motion at practice, has to be tackled by his teammates to be brought to rest; and Bob Verga, a shortish, frail-looking boy who is short (6 feet) but is not frail and who can score 21 points a game with an amazing variety of shots. Duke gets the points all right, though last season the shooters hardly ever had more than one crack at the basket. This season Bubas has 6-foot-7 Mike Lewis from Montana, and if that isn't enough, there is Warren Chapman, an inch taller, from Texas. They should get the rebounds.

In the Atlantic Coast Conference 29 of the top 40 scorers are back. Duke will win anyway, but not without bleeding a few times.

4 VANDERBILT

It was a routine practice session last year until Clyde Lee said a naughty word. Everyone froze. While the hush rang off the sides of the empty Vanderbilt field house, Lee began to turn rose-pink, starting at the tip of his scalp and spreading nonstop over his 6 feet 9 inches. Eventually the silence was broken by a giggle that led to genuine guffaws and, with Lee still blushing violently, practice continued. Clyde Lee, as all Nashville will tell you, is the finest player Vanderbilt has ever had, and he is also shy, devout, almost never loses his temper and never, never says naughty words. Until last year, when an opponent stuck an elbow in his ear, Lee usually apologized for getting in the way. A lot of this has to do with the long, skinny legs that inevitably assemble under gangly ninth-graders. Lee, at age 15, was almost 6 feet 4 and hated it. "I didn't play basketball then," he recalls, "because I wouldn't be caught dead in those short pants." Eventually his high school coach convinced Lee that no one was going to laugh at him because he was tall for his age and as a concession allowed him to practice in sweat pants. But even when his long skinny legs became long sturdy ones Lee remained half a foot taller than his opponents and determined not to take advantage of such an asset.

Last year Lee turned up for fall practice dead tired after playing 49 games in 40 days on a summer tour of the Far East. Still, Vanderbilt won the SEC, because Roy Skinner is a coach who can

blend all kinds of talent and because Lee can do more while hardly trying than most players can going full tilt. But, thought Skinner, if he could only get Lee to snap, crackle and pop! Just before the game with Miami of Ohio, Skinner showed Lee an opposing team's scouting report. Lee read that he was a poor defender and an indifferent rebounder and that he was easy to push around. He was wide-eyed and shocked. Then came 1) the naughty word, 2) a school rebound record against Miami (26) which he broke again several nights later, and 3) enough points and blocked shots the rest of the season to make him an All-America.

Along with Lee, Skinner has Keith Thomas, who shoots so accurately that the coach called a press conference this fall when the 6-foot-3 guard missed one in practice. Bo Wyenandt and Bob Warren are sophomores but they are also 6 feet 5 and quick, and the only problem is whether to use them as forwards or guards. To get the ball in to Lee in the pivot, Jerry Southwood, an excellent floorman, is back after missing a semester. All Skinner needs is another provocative scouting report.

5 UCLA

Kenny Washington, fresh from Beaufort, S.C., sat in Hollis Johnson's soda fountain in Westwood Village in Los Angeles, having lunch with a white boy from Kentucky. It was the fall of 1962, and they were freshmen at UCLA. "I'd never spoken much to white people in Beaufort," Washington says, remembering his nervousness. "Why, I'd never even been in a restaurant before. When they asked me what kind of salad dressing I wanted, I didn't say a thing. I didn't know about salad dressing." This year Washington and the Kentucky boy, Doug McIntosh, have the chance to accomplish what no one else ever has—to play on the maximum possible number (three) of national championship basketball teams.



Kenny Washington and Doug McIntosh need one more title for a triple crown.

Ironically, this distinction may fall upon two players who have yet to become recognized stars. McIntosh did start last year, but his talents are the unobtrusive sort, and he has never been a big scorer. Washington, a fast, springy 6 feet 2, has seldom started a game, but he has already become the most famous sixth man in college basketball history. He came off the bench in the title game against Duke in 1964 to score 26 points and snare 12 rebounds; last season, in the finals, he went in earlier than usual and scored 17 to lead the surge over Michigan.

Washington arrived in L.A. by a devious route whose last stage was a three-day Greyhound ride from Beaufort. Turned down at many schools because he was too small, Kenny went to live for a summer with a married sister in Philadelphia so that he could meet and play with UCLA star Walt Hazzard. Hazzard was impressed enough to call UCLA and tell Coach John Wooden that Washington was 6 feet 5 and 210 pounds. Wooden said to send him along, and Assistant Coach Jerry Norman went to meet the Beaufort bus. "I kept looking for this giant Hazzard said could jump over the basket," Norman says, "but all I saw was this rather scrawny kid, scared to death. When no one else got off, I knew it was Kenny." Kenny *was* scared, and not just of coaches who thought he was going to be 6 feet 5. "I had no background for UCLA," he recalls. "I didn't know how to study. I was lost in that huge library. But this was paradise, and I wanted to stay. I was going to stay." His father, a career Marine sergeant, traveled to Kansas City to see Kenny star against Duke. Last December his mother and a sister came out from Beaufort. They flew, and the trip was on Kenny. He had saved up so they could travel all that way to see him come off the bench.

This year Kenny will start, along with All-America Ed Lacey, Mike Lynn, Fred Goss and either Mike Warren or McIntosh. But the spark of Gail Goodrich and the superb safety-man play of Keith Erickson are gone. Though best in the West, UCLA will have trouble earning more than regional top ranking.

continued

6 MICHIGAN

Coach Dave Strack is happiest when Cazzie Russell's name comes up. Coach Strack actually is not averse to bringing Cazzie's name up himself, whereupon his enthusiasm for his star gushes forth mightily. Strack finally arrives at the belief that mere dialogue can no longer do Cazzie justice. Then, overwhelmed by his own words, he says simply: "He continuously amazes me." Last year, when people would suggest that there might be a better player around, Strack, in exasperation, would protest that they just did not "understand" Cazzie—as if he were somehow playing on a different level from all the rest. There is considerable testimony from less-biased observers to support such a contention, and this year, anyway, there is no doubt at all that the best player in college is Cazzie Lee Russell Jr. of Michigan.

"His greatest ability is to perform 150% in clutch situations," Strack says, in one sample of the harmless error into which his enthusiasm leads him. "Russell is just better when there's tenseness out there. I know it's a cliché, but notice the games when we're 25 points ahead. Cazzie will stand back there and pass, and he's more just like any other player." Then, having caught his own unintentional blasphemy, Strack corrects himself: "Well, now, not like any other player, but well, not like he is in the clutch. He continuously amazes me."

Strack says Russell is better than last year and that his vision has improved. It is difficult to grasp this, since Cazzie said a year ago that his peripheral vision enabled him to see all nine other players as he crossed the midcourt line. Maybe now he can see both benches as well. Improving on his pressure performances of last season will be just as difficult. All he did then was:

- Twice hit baskets to win games at the buzzer.
- Score eight points in an overtime, as Michigan won by five.
- Sink two free throws in the last minute of double overtime to give Michigan a one-point victory.
- Get five points in the last 33 seconds as Michigan came from behind to win by one.
- Make 11 points in the last four and a half as Michigan came from behind, then went ahead on his basket with 1:35 left, finally won by two.

Cazzie gets a new supporting cast, as three starters have graduated from the team that was second in the NCAA last year. Bill Buntin's rebounding, especially, will be missed. The new team is hardly as hefty as last year's Anvil Chorus, but it is just as tall and considerably quicker. This speed may bring out the best in Cazzie. "I love to pass to a man going in and watch him score," Cazzie says. "Besides, it boosts his morale." Eligible morale boostees include 6-foot-10 Craig Dill at center, John Thompson in the backcourt with Cazzie, and John Clawson or Jim Myers at one forward. Oliver Darden is the arm and hammer (6 feet 7, 225) still left in the forecourt. Russell, Darden and Myers are all working out in the post as subs for Dill.

Strack will not have as much as usual on the bench this year, but he will have just as good a view of his favorite, and there seems to be no reason why he won't be continuously amazed.

7 SAN FRANCISCO

Now that Coach Pete Peletta's ulcers are acting up again, the doctors and his pretty wife Ginny have laid down a few laws. For one, Peletta must cut out his usual pregame diet of coffee and cigarettes.

continued



Erwin Mueller, lean and hungry, jokes with a friend on USF hilltop campus.



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In their place, food, of all things, has been prescribed. Unfortunately, this may cause a problem for Peletta's new center, 6-foot-8, 225-pound Erwin Mueller. Mueller, who is moving over from forward, also used to move over at pregame meals and polish off Peletta's plate after he was through with his own. Obviously, now, what is sauce for the coach cannot be sauce for the center.

Mueller's dietary exploits have long been more consistent than his play, which has varied from very good to, well, the sort of things that cause coaches to get ulcers. He has, however, always been amazingly accurate within a few feet of a Pepsi. A group of entrepreneurs on campus were shrewd enough to reconnoiter his room after school closed one year, and recovered 240 empty quarts. However bottomless, Mueller is nevertheless inclined toward thinness, and when he went down to 205 near the end of last season he was put on a food supplement, a thick, milk shakelike substance. Mueller had no problems in switching. On a dare, he chug-a-lugged a double-sized glass in five seconds, which teammates promote as the world record. This past summer the Foremost Dairy plant—presumably on a dare also—hired Mueller, and his weight went up 15 pounds. Then school started, and Foremost Dairy stockholders breathed easily again. The unlimited milk supply and a daily quart of ice cream apparently arrested Mueller's weight loss, but, as teammate Joe Ellis reveals, Erwin will burp every so often, "and then we know he's been hitting the Pepsi again."

Mueller moves to center in place of the graduated All-America, Ollie Johnson, and how he manages there will greatly determine how USF does this year. In each of the last two seasons UCLA's toughest games on the way to the title were against the Dons, and Johnson is about all USF has lost. Ellis, a slender 6 feet 6, who can play forward or guard, will again handle the opponents' best man. Ellis played on the U.S. team this summer in Europe with the likes of Bill Bradley, Fred Hetzel and Lou Hudson. He learned, Peletta says, how good he really is. The Dons have a weak spot up front, but two good guards in Russ Gumina and Larry Blum. And the team plays defense in the best USF tradition. If coach and center eat well enough, San Francisco should win another WCAC title and again be a big worry for UCLA.

8 OHIO STATE

Ron Sepic is 6 feet 4 and 215 pounds, which is a good start for a man called on to be a backcourt bullyboy. With his wavy black hair and deep-set, dark eyes, however, Sepic looks more like the leading man than the bad guy. He was a high school All-America football end, but he gave up head-cracking for the slightly more delicate pursuit of basketball—a decision that sent OSU Football Coach Woody Hayes into a personal display of three yards and a cloud of dust. Now Sepic plans to pass up pro basketball for medical school or microbiology. When he was younger, Sepic gave up playing the saxophone. "I got so embarrassed," he says, "because I was so big and everybody else playing instruments was small"—a notion that, considering the likes of Fats Domino and Al Hirt, is quite original. Last year, as a sophomore, Sepic was at peace as a forward, looking up at bigger opponents, and then cutting by them and jumping over them to average 15 points and lead the team in rebounds. But Coach Fred Taylor was ruminating. He had two others from his strong front line—Andy Ahijevych and Bob Dove—coming back, and moving up from the freshmen was the eagerly awaited Bill Hosket. Frequently and favorably compared to Jerry Lucas and to his own late father, a former OSU center, the 6-foot-7 Hosket averaged 32 points and 17 rebounds with the freshmen. But backcourt prospects lacked size, so Taylor decided to make the bold switch and send Sepic to guard. There Taylor envisions Sepic providing firm leadership and, when he can pull his small backcourt opponents inside, working off a little of the saxophone complex on them.

Sepic had never really played guard until the final week of last season, when Taylor previewed him in the job. This summer, back home in Uniontown, Pa., Sepic worked out at guard with the former West Virginia All-America, Rod Thorn. "I still can't dribble," he admits, "and I guess I'm having even more trouble adjusting to defense, staying with the quick little guys. I know I've got to learn to shoot more on the move, too, and not fade away. But I think it will come."

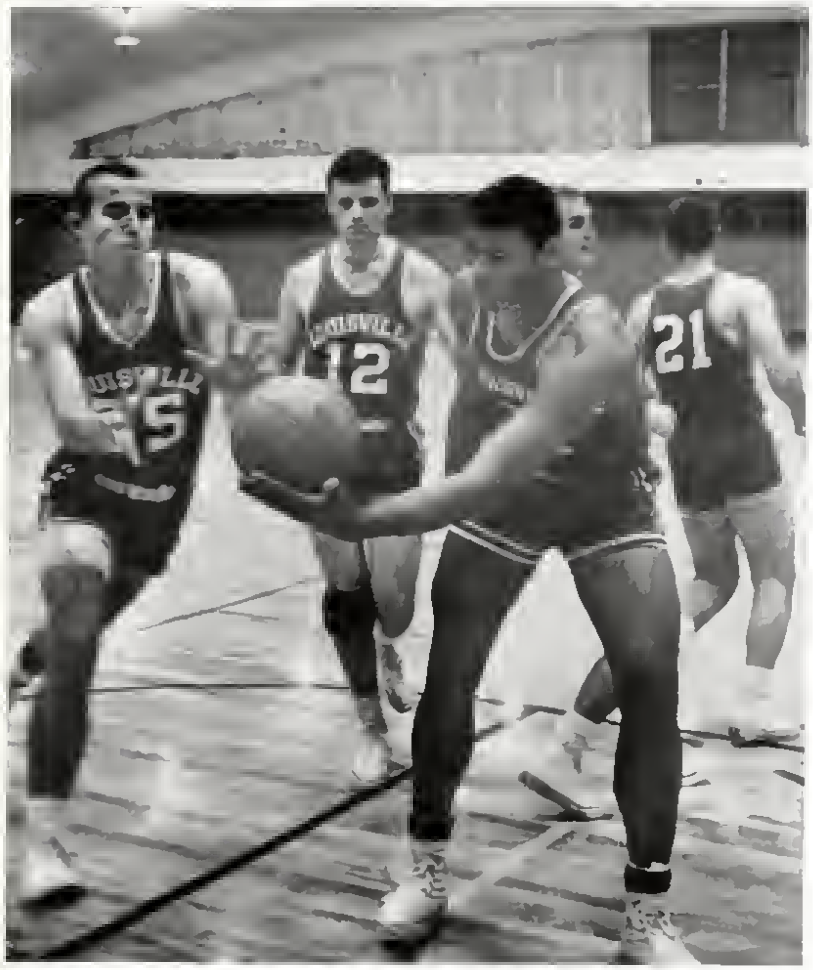
The move supplies even more spice to an anticipated five-way battle in the Big Ten among Michigan, Iowa, Michigan State, Minnesota and the Buckeyes. "I'll tell you this," Taylor says. "We've got to beat Michigan in that first one [the league opener for both teams, January 8 in Columbus] to prove to the rest of the Big Ten they can be beaten, or it's curtains." And that, incidentally, is when Sepic will match up against an even bigger guard, a 6-foot-5 230-pounder named Cazzie Russell.

9 LOUISVILLE

Westley Unseld of Louisville, Ky. and the University of Louisville is probably the best big man among the sophomores. "Unseld is better by far than Lew Alcindor," one pro scout says, referring to UCLA's touted freshman. Westley shudders at such talk. He is a modest, sensitive youngster who seems surprised by his new position in his own community. Ticket sales have already set a record at Louisville. Peck Hickman, the pudgy athletic director, was rumored to be thinking of retiring himself as basketball coach, but such talk fades a little more each time Unseld gets the ball. As he rambles across the tree-lined city campus, Unseld is already a 6-foot-8 ambulatory landmark; people point him out and wave, and he always responds. Johnny Unitas snuck in and out of Louisville pretty quietly, but Louisville is not going to let that happen to Unseld. Fortunately, he seems able to handle all the hoopla that will surround him for the next three years. On the court he is an unselfish team man. Last year's Louisville freshmen averaged 112 points per game against the likes of Sue Bennett JC and the Louisville All-Stars, and Unseld was plain embarrassed by a lot of what went on. His average was 35 points and 23 rebounds, but he always turned to passing as soon as things were settled. Off the court, he suffered no delusions of grandeur either. The equipment department, for instance, once issued him a pair of shorts that were too tight. Rather than complain, he simply took them home and had his mother let them out to fit.

But the tension surrounding this young man is already brimming and he knows

continued



Westley Unsald (with the ball) and Fred Holden keep Pack Hickman coaching.

it. "I'd like to think that the pressure doesn't worry me," he said, choosing the words. "But it does. We won two straight state titles in high school, but it was nothing like this." Adding to the burden is the fact that the Cardinals will depend on sophomores a great deal and Unseld will have to be the leader. Guard Fred Holden, wildly unpredictable but good enough in any other year to get all the notices, is a certain sophomore starter, and yet another, Ellis Bryant, may also open in the backcourt. The regulars up front are upperclassmen—6-foot-7 junior Joe Liedtke and 6-foot-4 seniors Eddie Whitehead and Wade Houston—but the newcomers are the good ones.

However modest Unseld is, he is also so good that the team will be going to him on offense. If he gets help up front so that defenses cannot concentrate on him, Louisville should win its first Missouri Valley championship and Athletic Director Hickman will be terribly tempted to keep Coach Hickman on for another year. Or two.

10 NEW MEXICO

When Coach Bob King cautiously revealed that the Lobos might speed up their tempo this season, the fans in Albuquerque, Tucumcari, Socorro and Truth or Consequences just grinned in disbelief. "The response," King himself admitted, "was a quiet snigger." King's teams are known for a slow, deliberate ball-control style that at times looks like the CBS stop-action reruns. In this age of basketball à Go-Go, King has been the sport's answer to the siesta. Though agonizing to watch, this style has won games. In King's three years at New Mexico the once lowly Lobos have had three winning seasons and have been no worse than fourth in defense in the nation.

King is a defense specialist. His conference is noted for fast-rampaging Injun-raid techniques, but he favors the discipline of the outnumbered cavalry: overpower 'em at the stockade first, and then carefully counterattack, making every shot count. Even when the Lobos launched an offensive, the ball handling was so careful that King rightfully described it as a "defensive offense." Last year's point man, Skip Kruzich, would nurse the ball through the midcourt, and then play catch with Dick Ellis—back and forth, never taking any chances—until the moment of the sure thing came. It got so that the home folks would groan and King would wring his familiar red towel whenever the scoring, by either team, seemed to be occurring too fast. Kruzich and Ellis are gone now, but King has had lots of other players learning the same pace.

So why speed up now? Maybe because last year's Lobos started with 19 wins in their first 22 games and then finished with five straight defeats? "Not at all," says King. "It's a matter of personnel." Like the old cavalry colonel with his first full complement of experienced troops, King feels he now has the depth to attack. There are eight regulars and only one is a sophomore.

Leading an all-junior starting five are Mel Daniels, 6 feet 9, and Ben Monroe. They started every game as sophomores and led the team in rebounding. Daniels was also the team's top scorer. Point Man Don Hoover and Wingmen Bill Morgan and Ed Burwitz feel like crafty old combat sergeants this year too. "Deep down inside we are all runners," Monroe says, "but Coach King taught us that a good slow team will beat a fast-break team. We'll increase the pace this year but not lose what we had. We have the potential for a breaking team, and our opponents will know it. Last year, when they were sure we weren't going to break out, they could bring up every man and hit the boards with all they had."

The last two New Mexico teams went to the NIT; this year it looks like the NCAA for the Lobos.

11 PROVIDENCE

Dec and K were Coach Joe Mullaney's centers and that would have made Providence one of the very best teams in the country. Unfortunately, Dec had this thing about going to class, and K had this thing about going to practice. So here is what Mullaney has now: he has Dec ineligible, and he has K, back off *his* ineligibility, but also fat. K is so fat that it appears now a new father named Bill Lasher will have to be the Friars' center. Lasher is only 6 feet 6. (His new son is only 1 foot 7, "but," Lasher says hopefully, "he has big feet.") Lasher was counted on as the Friars' bench; after him there is not much. "It would have been fun," Mullaney says, wistfully recalling his happy prospects at center. "We would really have enjoyed the chance to see if we were as good as they said we were."

Last year with Dec—who is Dexter Westbrook—as a sensational sophomore pivotman, Providence won its first 19, finished at 24–2, and looked forward to having the whole team back. Dec, however, skipped so many classes that he finally had to skip them officially and drop out. He is unable to compete this season, but is back in school and works out diligently against the four holdovers that he was supposed to anchor: senior Forwards and Co-captains Jim Benedict and Bill Blair and junior Guards Mike Riordan and Jim Walker. To join this fine quartet in place of Dexter Westbrook, Mullaney had, riding out of Hatfield, Mass. at 6 feet 8, 210 pounds, K—Bob Kovalski in the box scores. Kovalski had started for Providence two years ago, before *he* became ineligible. "When we knew we weren't going to have Dec," Mullaney says, "it wasn't that bad, because we had K coming back. And then you think of K"—and Mullaney did, squinting to find him in his memory, and then smiling—"you think of the K of two years ago, and you think, well, everything will be all right. Maybe not quite so many variations of defense, maybe not quite so much speed. But if K's ready to play, ah, it will be all right."

So riding out of Hatfield, Mass. here came K: 6 feet 8, 250 pounds. Oops. Kovalski could not move or shoot. "If he remains like this, he isn't even going to play," says Mullaney. K himself is *not* worried. "I'm getting down there," he says. "I've been waiting a long time, a whole year, for this, and I don't want to miss it."

Waiting, however, was the trouble. During the year Kovalski never showed up to work out with the team, a fact which particularly confused the coaches, since basketball had been such a large part of his life. K says that it was just a matter of concentrating on the books, but he did find time to go courting, and he got married last summer. He admits, with a plump smile, that his bride is a very good cook. That is one thing there is no dispute about in Providence.

12 BRADLEY

More and more, coaching is a game for young men, and Joe Stowell is one of them. There are four such rookies in the Missouri Valley alone this year. For the most part, these Young Turks are a humorless and technical lot, dedicated to detail, discipline and diagnosis, and Stowell is no exception. His first season has not yet begun, and already people at Bradley are concerned for his health. "I don't know how many times I've played this season over already," he says. "All summer, over and over."



Joe Mullaney has a weight problem

Stowell had been an assistant at Bradley for nine years under Chuck Orsborn, who moved up to athletic director after compiling an amazing 195–56 record in nine years. Orsborn is only 48, just nine years older than Stowell, but they are a generation removed in basketball. The new A.D. came to the field house the other day to watch his old assistant run his own practice. Stowell had players stationed all over the court, passing balls to another group which was dribbling and running and shooting at three baskets. "Uh-oh, Joe's been to another clinic," Orsborn said in his dry way. "If I had known all this stuff, I guess I never would have lost." Ron Harris, Stowell's own new bright-eyed assistant, was sitting next to Orsborn. "I guess you use all those medicine balls and everything with the freshmen?" Orsborn asked him.

"Of course we do," Harris said.

"Can you put those things in the basket?" Orsborn asked. Harris shook his head. "Well, why use them if you can't put them in the basket? That's still the game, isn't it?" he asked, strictly rhetorically. "You don't have to just scrimmage," Orsborn added, "but the only drill I ever had where we did not use the ball was at the start of a season. It was called Running Around the Court. I blew the whistle, and the players ran—around the court. The last five still going became my first team."

Stowell and Orsborn disagreed often when they worked together. Orsborn got so mad at Stowell once when Joe was in his class that he made him leave. But when he needed an assistant, he picked Stowell. "What did I want, a yes-man?" he asked, again rhetorically. Some differences, though, were never resolved. "He always wanted those damn high socks that I can't stand," Orsborn said. "Every year he would try to get me to order those silly things." Orsborn always said no. About the first thing Stowell did after he got the job was order high socks. Still, Orsborn says flatly, "He hasn't even coached his first college varsity game, but Joe Stowell is already one of the five best coaches in the country. I mean that."

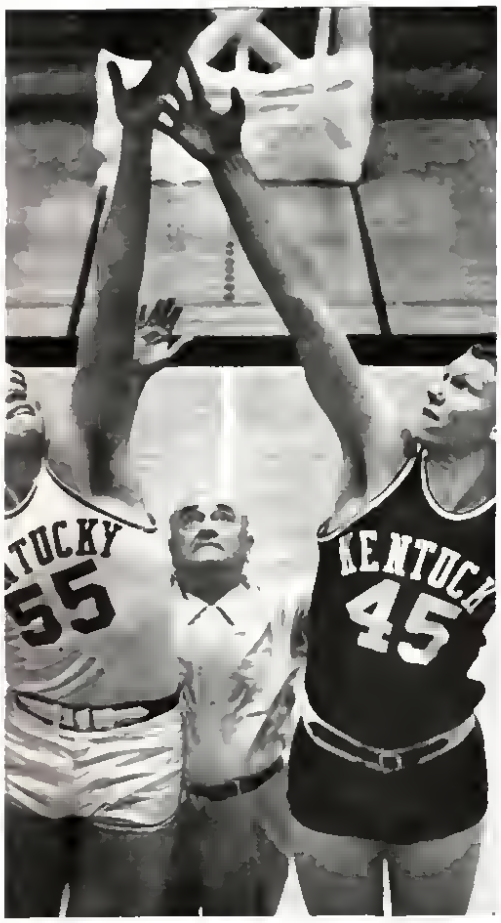
He is also on the spot. His team is supposed to be the best in the Valley. Maybe it is—it has five starters back and two good sophs—but it lacks size. Last year's sophomore guards, Alex McNutt and Tom Campbell, came along

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slower than expected, only partly because the bad hands on the front line were no match for their passes. Scholastic problems threaten, too. Stowell's Braves should finish just where Orsborn usually had them—a close runner-up in the Valley, and then a real good shot in the NIT.

13 KENTUCKY

Adolph Rupp eats chili at The Wildcat, a luncheonette across the street from Memorial Coliseum in Lexington, almost every day. He wolfs it down in gulps with swift swipes of a tablespoon, staring at the chili all the way, actually *looking* the spoon into his mouth—approximately the way he instructs his players to look a passed basketball into their hands. In his more modest financial years Rupp took to chili for reasons of economy and taste—in that order. Now 64 and still frugal, though he has been a man of means for decades, Rupp was attacking his favorite food recently when a familiar question forced the suspension of a mound of chili in midair. "Get out of coaching?" he bellowed, more as a reprimand than an answer. "What would I do?" He held the chili long enough to answer that himself. "Don't tell me I ought to stay home and count my money. See the world? Hell, Uncle Sam sends me on all those trips to give clinics to the troops. I just got back from Germany, and I've been there several times. I've been to the Orient and lots of places." He snapped at the chili, then continued, "I don't have to retire until I'm 70. That's the mandatory university rule. And the way I feel, I won't retire till then." So saying, Rupp swept the chili bowl clean.



The Baron assesses center prospects.

Just a couple of years ago a weary Rupp said he was ready to quit at 65 and was waiting till then only because —a dollar being what it is nowadays— retiring at 65 meant retiring with full benefits. Today, says Harry Lancaster, Adolph's shrewd assistant, "He's as alert as he ever has been. He's even more hard-nosed on the practice floor." The weariness gone, benefits deferred, Adolph wants another winner, and he is downright miffed that nearly everybody is writing off Kentucky, figuring the SEC to be a private duel between Vanderbilt and Tennessee. "Harrumph," The Baron replied to that. "We beat Tennessee in our last game last season, and Vanderbilt beat us at their place with only a few seconds to play."

More important, Rupp has four starters back—Forwards Larry Conley and Pat Riley and Guards Tommy Kron and Louie Dampier. All averaged in double figures last year. From the freshmen come a few hotshot guards and even some centers, something Kentucky has been trying to play basketball without for several years. There are two—Ted Jaracz, who is only 6 feet 5 but weighs 230, and Cliff Berger, who is 6 feet 8½. Berger is 18 and may be Chamberlain-size as a senior. Chances are Rupp will be coaching him. Assistant Coach Lancaster says he has made his own peace with the world; he doesn't expect Rupp to quit ever, and he now makes more money than most head coaches anyway. Pass the chili.

14 IOWA

"You can teach anything if you believe in it and if you understand it," Iowa Coach Ralph Miller says. "I don't understand mathematics, so I'd never try to teach that. But I'll certainly teach pressure basketball, and go on teaching it." Miller has been doing that since 1949. When he came to Iowa from Wichita last year he installed his combination of fast break and full-court press and made the Hawkeyes a winner. Miller fits his players to his system, instead of the other way around, as many coaches say it is supposed to be done. "I know my system will work," he said shortly after he got to Iowa. "I can bring my system into the Big Ten or anywhere else and make it succeed."

Miller promptly put together a 14-10 season and, if possible, is now even more sold on pressure basketball. "I've seen all sorts of systems, but I'm convinced that what I'm doing is right," he says. "Pressure basketball satisfies the kids who play it, it satisfies the spectators who watch it and it satisfies me." As Miller sees it, pressure basketball is not the "gambling" game many call it. It is more like an endurance contest. "The fast break and the full-court press must be played together if each is to be at its most effective," he preaches. "We put the pressure on at all times; we never want the opposition to have a chance to rest. We figure we'll play our opponent even-Stephen for 36 minutes of any game, then beat him in the other four. And those four can come at the start, in the middle or at the end of a game. That's the way we beat UCLA last year, even though our styles are quite similar."

Since the pressure game has gained such popularity, mostly through UCLA's success, Iowa's opponents will be under no illusions this year. Few of them will be caught by surprise, but Miller figures he will still be ahead of the game because he has some bench this season. Miller has small, experienced men and big, inexperienced ones, but he also has a schedule which will allow him to bring the newcomers along slowly while the Hawkeyes build to something like 16-1 or 15-2 by the middle of February.

The leader is Guard Chris Pervall, who played a lot of 6-foot-2 forward and

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averaged 21 points last year. Up front is George Peeples, who can run like Kelso, which is good for pressure basketball centers and good for any center 6 feet 8 and weighing only 204. Two sophomores —Ben McGilmer, a 6-foot-7 guard, and Huston Breedlove, a 6-foot-6 forward— will break in when they learn the way Miller plays the game. "I can teach anyone to play pressure basketball," the man says.

15 MARYLAND

Squatting in front of the library at the University of Maryland is a large, bronze terrapin with its nose in the air like a snooty dowager—probably because of the annual successes in wrestling, soccer, lacrosse and other sports most schools consider "minor." In basketball Maryland has won just one Atlantic Coast Conference title in the last 12 years. Next March the NCAA tournament championship rounds will be held in the William P. Cole Jr. Student Activities Building, a huge blimp hangar of a gymnasium just a few hundred yards from the metal turtle. And it is not unreasonable to suggest that maybe, just maybe, the Terrapins themselves will be involved in the last two nights' activities—though they may be difficult to recognize without lacrosse sticks in their hands.

On paper and on the floor, Coach Bud Millikan's team looks like the best ever at College Park. Last season the Terrapins won 14 of their last 16 games, and the top seven men are returning. Before worrying about playing for the national crown in front of the home folks, however, they must first win the ACC tournament in Raleigh, and then shoot their way through the tough Eastern Regionals, again in Raleigh. The school has never reached the NCAA semifinals but, of course, it did not have a Phi Beta Kappa chapter either until a couple of years ago. Things are getting classier all over the grassy campus, where even the maintenance buildings boast lovely Georgian columns. One reason for the class of the basketball team, perhaps, is that the starting lineup comes from New Jersey, Ohio, Maine, Pennsylvania and Washington, D.C. The players are an interesting lot. Guard Neil Brayton, 6 feet 4, is senior class president and before that was junior class president and outstanding male sophomore. He wants to be a dentist. So does Jay McMillen, 6 feet 7, 225 pounds, a prematurely gray jump-shooting deadeye who averaged 20 points a game last season as a sophomore. He is now junior class president. Forward Gary Ward, 6 feet 5 and with bird legs, majors in journalism and jump shots, averaging 18 points a game when he was a junior. The center is an ambidextrous junior named Joe Harrington, a product of Phippsburg, Me. who ignored the wishes of Boston College Coach Bob Cousy and traveled south. The man he beat out, Rick Wise, is also back, and so is the other starting guard, Gary Williams. Obviously, the Terrapins are rich, but a difficult schedule could leave them just a mess of cold turtle soup, waiting for next season, when McMillen, Harrington and Williams will be back to heat them up.

16 BOSTON COLLEGE

Bob Cousy is a successful insurance man and TV announcer, an adviser to a dairy company, the operator of a prospering basketball camp and a popular after-dinner speaker. He also endorses basketballs, basketball shoes, bathing suits and sweaters. Enough activity for one man? No. Cousy gets in his car these chilly mornings and whips down the Massachusetts Turnpike from Worcester to Boston, where he coaches at Boston College. He directed the Eagles to their best record ever (22–7) last year, and from that team Cousy still has one All-America (John Austin), three other starters and six other lettermen, plus assorted bench warmers. He gets six new men from the frosh and he says they have "great potential." Obviously, he is also a good recruiter. And he hates it.

"It's a pain," he said as he signed a sheaf of letters at his desk recently. "It seems like coaching basketball these days is an anticlimax. Look at this correspondence, and this is just a sample. You write to these kids to see if they'd be interested in the school, then you follow it up by talking with the kid's coach, his mother and father. You take the family out to dinner. It takes a lot of time.

"Last year I chased one boy for months. Until January I thought I had him. He told everybody he was going to BC. I made two special trips to his home town to speak at banquets for him. This was a real top boy. He had the marks, everything. You can't even bother talking to kids if they don't have the marks. Anyway, I lost this boy. At the last minute he decided to go to one of the south-

continued



Coach Bob Cousy hates recruiting but the recruits crowd the gymnasium at BC

ern schools. This was just one case, but look at all the time I wasted on him.

"Some of the kids have their hands out. I tell them no deal. I suppose the parents tell the kids to ask for money. It becomes a problem, believe me. You have to live with yourself. You can't prostitute yourself or the school and you don't want to corrupt the kids, but some of these schools"—Cousy shook his head—"they really go all out if they want the top kid. The boy I told you about must have had 75 offers.

"We'll run this year," Cousy said. "We'll fast-break, and then play a tandem offense—some call it a double stack—with four men in close to the basket." He looked over the names. Austin, of course, would start in the backcourt with Captain Ed Hockenbury. Top sophomore Jim Kissane, Ted Carter and Willie Wolters would open up front. Then Cousy handed down the rest of the roster: Hice and Keller, Rossi, Kvanez and Pacynski, Rooney, Adleman. . . . It started sounding like an all-American platoon from a war movie. "I hate to do it, but six of these kids—well, the way it is now—six of them won't make the squad," Coach Cousy said.

17 WEST VIRGINIA

A UCLA recruiter was on the phone from Los Angeles trying to reach a prime prospect in Missoula, Mont. The boy could not answer the call, though there was really no mystery concerning his whereabouts. He was in one of the town's few large hotel rooms, with the furniture pushed against the wall, playing one-on-one against Duke Assistant Coach Bucky Waters. This was two years ago; Duke got the boy—and lots of others.

As befits his given name, Raymond Chevalier Waters is a charmer who helped Duke build a wide-ranging, vacuum-cleaner recruiting machine. Now, however, that charm is being used to help return national prestige to West Virginia, which hired Waters last April 30.

West Virginia's losses have increased in each of the last four seasons, and Bucky can be the next governor if he reverses the trend. The school now has Negroes on the varsity for the first time, following the example of its track and football teams, and one of them is Ron (Fritz) Williams. Some West Virginians look upon Williams' arrival as even more auspicious than Bucky's. The 6-foot 3-inch sophomore was first-team All-State for three years at Weirton (W. Va.) High School and was sought by 102 colleges. When Ron was just a 10th-grader, Georgia Tech Coach Whack Hyder said he could make the Tech varsity right then. For two years before Williams came, West Virginia tried to recruit other Negroes, because he did not want to be the first to play basketball at Morgantown. After he enrolled others joined him, and he averaged 31 points, 10 rebounds and seven assists a game on a 20–1 freshman team.

It is a habit in the glass factories and bars of Morgantown to hail every promising prospect as "another Jerry West" or "the best since West," descriptions that drive Bucky Waters to tears. If all the "Jerry Wests" who entered West Virginia were really that good the school could apply for an NBA franchise. Ron has been the subject of such talk, and may deserve it. "Everybody's chasing ghosts," Waters complained. "I just want him to be Ron Williams." That should be good enough, and the less-publicized boys are good, too. John Lesher, 6 feet 6, is the only returning starter and shoots well, but he needs to acquire aggressiveness. Junior-college star Carl Head, 6 feet 4, was on his way to Wake Forest when he somehow detoured to West Virginia. And Bucky has two or three sets of hustling, speedy guards—none of them faster than Williams, however. "We're going to play it like the Celtics, bring it down fast," said Waters. "We're going to be exciting, but we're not going to be pretty. We may have to lock the windows so no balls get thrown out of the gym."

18 TEXAS TECH

In Texas, where football is next to godliness, rearing your boy to be a basketball player is about as useful as bringing him up to be a barber in Liverpool. Nevertheless, John Malaise, out there in Odessa, rigged up a basket on a doorknob for his son Dub when he was only 4. To maintain his Texas citizenship, Dub also learned tennis and golf, two sports that are tolerated if they don't interfere with the state religion. Dub says bravely, "At our house we ate, drank and slept basketball, and it never became boresome." Dub grew up over the doorknob, but only to 5 feet 11. Still, he became perhaps the best player Texas has produced. "I have films of Slater Martin when he was at Texas," says Tech Coach Gene Gibson, "and Dub makes him look like a country boy."

Gibson has two other starters back from the team that would have won the Southwest Conference last year except for an administrative boo-boo concerning an ineligible player, and two good 6-foot-7 sophomores, Randy Glover and Vernon Paul. With the Midwest Regionals scheduled on its home court, Texas Tech has the best chance for a conference team to get out of Texas since the late Jimmy Krebs came down from Missouri and took SMU to fourth place in the NCAA a decade ago.

Malaise runs the team. More accurately, he hovers over it. "Dub's shooting is fantastic, and his passing is even more phenomenal," Gibson says, "but his thorough knowledge of the game is his greatest asset." Off the court Dub is just as valuable. Late last season it was discovered that Forward Norman Reuther was inadvertently short on credit hours, a revelation that kept Tech from winning the conference officially. Then Reuther broke some rules on his own and lost his scholarship. Malaise got him reinstated. "I will be personally responsible for his conduct," he told Gibson.

An intense athlete, Malaise plays golf because it permits him the pleasure of friendly association with the opposition. Tennis, however, is the game he believes best complements basketball. "You are on your toes in tennis," Malaise explains, "and in volleying you have one foot or the other forward, just as in basketball. It sharpens your reaction time, too. I got burned out playing tennis in high school one year and switched to golf. I wasn't too sharp the next year in my basketball." This fall Malaise played tennis. Last spring he picked up his golf clubs for the first time in months and fired a 77. He has shot a 67. "I like to be in a foursome best," he says. "You walk along and by 18 holes you're good buddies." Dub regrets that he cannot get to know his basketball opponents in the same fashion. But they certainly know who the little guy is that's doing everything for Texas Tech.

19 TENNESSEE

Sophomores are inconsistent, moody and excitable. They flunk courses. They fall in love with coeds at just the wrong time. Because of sophomores, coaches have had their stomachs operated on and have been sent away to rest homes. Nobody knows more about sophomores than Ray Mears, an exacting man who has a talent for getting to the heart of a problem. He got to the heart of this one by red-shirting most of the best freshman team Tennessee ever had two years ago. Last year, instead of throwing the ball out of bounds at crucial moments and losing a year of eligibility while they were at it, the youngsters were tucked safely in the stands during games and spent the rest of the week learning Mears's intricate patterns in the calm of an empty gym. This season the red shirts are ready.

Consider, for a start, Tom Boerwinkle; at 7 feet and 260 pounds, he is hard to ignore. An amiable sort whose left foot once tended to go in the opposite direction from his right foot, Boerwinkle spent a year skipping rope and mastering the moves of a pivotman. He may never remind you of Nijinsky, but he no longer runs in more than one direction at a time. Tom Hendrix was just shy. He is an agile 6 feet 5 and used to have fine rapport with the basket, but anyone who so much as set foot on the court awed him. Hendrix even began addressing the water boy as "sir," and while that may earn an A for deportment it doesn't do much for self-confidence. Mears spent last year urging Hendrix to snarl all over the place, apparently with good effect. It will take more than the red shirts to win in the SEC, however, and fortunately there is more. Ron Widby, 6 feet 4, 215, was the best sophomore in the conferenee last year; even Mears can put up with that kind. So can the Tennessee football coach, for that matter, he uses Widby as punter on Saturday afternoons. One of the best rebounders in the country is Howard Bayne, whose boardwork alarms even his own teamniates. Bayne is only tall (6 feet 5), not towering, but he does weigh 234 pounds and he uses his weight so violently that several professional football teams have made discreet inquiries. But if Tennessee is to be consistent this season, Red Robbins, the 6-foot-9 center who plays low post in Mears's 1-3-1 offense, will have to pay attention when Mears tells him: "You're mean." Mears told him that last year and Robbins replied: "I am?" He has all the neeessary skills, and if he will kindly put his elbows to good use Tennessee will win a lot more than it loses.

20 KANSAS STATE

Like any successful coach, Kansas State's Tex Winter is well organized. When he becomes interested in a high school player he fills out a card on the boy and places it in his files. Sometime in the early spring of 1963 Winter made this notatiun on a card bearing the name Nick Pino: "Spindly giant. Has good shot. Must gain aggressiveness." The card also noted that Pino was 7 feet ½ inch tall and weighed 235 pounds.

Pino is still a giant hut no longer spindly. He is 7 feet 1 and 270 pounds. He still has that good shot and lacks a certain boldness. Few men give the impression of hugeness that Pino does. Wilt Chamberlain first struck Kansans with his height, Clyde Lovellette with his bulk. Pino is a combination of the two. Nick is no great shakes as a jumper, but he doesn't need to be. He can reach 9 feet 3 inches without jumping. A laconic but pleasant giant, he grew up in Santa Fe, N. Mex., where Spanish was the family language. While he speaks perfectly good English, he gives the impression that he would prefer Spanish. Pino did not become a high school regular until his senior year, playing spasmodically and not very impressively as a junior. His high school coach, Dick Shelley, who was screening Nick's college offers, knew that Tex Winter had successfully developed another 7-footer, Roger Suttner, and that one reason for Suttner's success was the fact that Winter had red-shirted him. Shelley was convinced that if Pino was going to make it as a college player he would have to be red-shirted too. Wioter agreed and got Pino.

Naturally, Kansas State's chances this year depend largely upon how Nick plays. He hooks with the same soft touch that made Lovellette so effeetive, and is almost as good with his left as with his right hand. But he does not move particularly well laterally, which hurts his defense. Nor does he run well. Winter has always liked a running offense and he is fearful of trying to fast-break with Pino in the game. "By the time he would get to midcourt," says Winter, "our opponents would probably meet him on their way back with the ball." So the chances are K-State will use a control style.



Nick Pino skips rope to gain agility.

Behind Pino at center is 6-foot-10 Roy Smith. Earl Seyfert and Mike Williams are two big forwards. A dark-horse candidate up front is Galen Frick, who is smaller but a good ball handler. When Winter wants more speed he moves up Sammy Robinson from the backcourt, where Robinson normally teams with Playmaker Dennis Berkholtz. This squad has more musele power than the Budweiser Clydesdales, but possibly no more finesse. END

Only the echoing thump of a ball and the squeak of sneakers on wood keep Bob Verga company as he practices alone in Duke University's Indoor Stadium perfecting his skill at spinning the ball off his fingers and through a bright orange hoop. Verga does a lot of solo basketball shooting on Sundays, when he cannot "coerce anybody" to provide opposition in half-court games. There are no cheers, pretty coeds or striped-shirted men with whistles to dispel the quiet gloom, but Verga enjoys the lonely workouts. He is a junior at Duke and already shoots and handles the ball so well that he is likely to be an All-America this year, and his team is one of the best in the country. As a sophomore last season he averaged 21 points a game, distinguishing himself by his ability to score under severe pressure. Verga is majoring in psychology and studies three or four hours every night, but he also enjoys the nice collegiate extras available to a bright, handsome young athlete whose father is a well-to-do Sea Girt, N. J. physician. There are fraternity parties, a Burgundy-red Corvette convertible, sunny strolls with a remarkably attractive girl friend and other campus diversions, some of which are shown on the following pages.

LONELY AND LIVELY HOURS OF A STAR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE









Arm-wrestling as his Kappa Alpha brothers look on, Verga manages to hold his own. He still has a Jersey accent but seems to have gone southern in other respects. Duke is in Durham, N.C., and eastern KA chapters are found only at schools south of tha Mason-Dixon line.

Pausing during a stroll neer Duke's psychology building, Bob daydreams with Andrea Boles, his high school sweetheart, who now is a model in New York. She travels to Durham as often as she can to see him play and to enjoy with him the beauty of the Duke campus.



Struggling with Latin, his toughest subject, Bob finds the silence of an empty classroom (above) ideal for study. This semester he is concentrating on other subjects, such as psychological testing and Russian literature. Shooting pool in the basement of the Student Union (right), he shows the form that made him runner-up in the school tournament when he was a freshman. But basketball remains Verga's consuming interest; even in a pregame warm-up (opposite) he is totally absorbed. He wants to play pro ball and wears jersey No. 11 because that was the numeral of Pro Star Bob Davies.






14
DUKE
11



Worried because Duke is trailing its opponent, Andrea watches as Bob, only a six-footer, leaps to fire a jump shot over the outstretched arm of a taller defender. Verga has the useful ability to launch his lithe body suddenly like an Agena B.

Frugging at Jelly Roll's Varsity Inn near the Duke campus, Andrea and Bob enjoy a postgame KA bash. "She's a great dancer," he says. "I pick up most of the latest from her. And she knows a lot more than the average girl about basketball."





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A PRESS THAT PANICS THEM ALL

UCLA's swarming defensive style exhilarates spectators, upsets opponents and has carried the Bruins to two successive national titles. Now it has become all the rage, and college teams everywhere must prepare to handle the press, whether or not they play UCLA. Here some of the best brains in basketball discuss countermeasures

BY MERVIN HYMAN

The way defenses are operating these days," says SMU Coach Doc Hayes, "the other team starts picking you up when you walk out of the hotel lobby on the way to the field house."

Hayes is barely exaggerating the case. He is referring to the amazing popularity of a technique that is sweeping college basketball—the pressing defense and especially the zone press. Twice UCLA has used this shattering weapon to win the NCAA championship, and now every coach in the country is either planning to use it or worrying about how to beat it, or both. Even the pros, who have a rule outlawing all zone defenses, are copying it.

The pressing defense is not a new basketball concept. Back in 1952 Coach Phog Allen's Kansas team won the NCAA title with it. So did San Francisco in 1955 and 1956, California in 1959 and Loyola of Chicago in 1963. What *is* new is the way UCLA has used it. Soft-spoken, genteel Coach John Wooden has, first, installed his zone as UCLA's basic style; it is not just a sometime tactic when all else fails. In addition, it is thoroughly integrated with the UCLA offense, so much so that it is hard to say where defense stops and offense begins.

What makes the zone so intriguing is that it does not take a big man like a Russell or a superstar like a Robertson to make it work. The UCLA teams of the last two years were of average size and, though Walt Hazzard and Gail Goodrich are fine players, neither one is a Cousy, a Bradley or a West. Both teams, however, were made up of well-conditioned athletes, dedicated to a demanding philosophy of play through superb coaching.

In this age of remarkable shooters many a college coach, with the limited time available to him, has chosen to neglect defense. Why bother? is the theory, we can always outrun and outshoot our opponents. Forced to concede the efficacy of the UCLA system, these same coaches fall back on the notion that Wooden's success is all a matter of personnel. With Wooden's players, they say, we'd win the NCAA, and with a press, too. This is a pat answer, but it simply is not true. Through hard work, patience and intelligent use of talent, Wooden has won with the kind of players available nearly everywhere in the country today.

Wooden's preoccupation with the zone press did not come about accidentally or incidentally. Like many other coaches, he toyed with it for years, but used it mostly as a sudden "panic" defense when his team was behind in the late stages of a game. However, the idea of using it as a planned weapon intrigued Wooden, and he finally decided to take the gamble. Long before he actually began to use the defense, Wooden, with typical perseverance, taught his players fundamentals only and got them into top physical condition. Then he thoroughly schooled them in a man-to-man press.

That sounds like a curious way to approach a zone type of defense, but Wooden reasoned, "When a zone press is beaten, a team is in trouble if it cannot fall back and properly protect itself. By first working on the man-to-man press we learned how to fall back naturally when we had to."

Finally Wooden taught his players the zone. This was not a one-week or even a one-season affair. Over the years the Bruins mastered the exhausting technique, sharpening their reactions and learning to anticipate each other's moves. And each new group of players absorbed both the inspiration required and some of the technique itself from the older players. What developed was a zone press that kept the pressure on an opponent almost constantly. It irritated, harassed and confused, and worked so well in 1963-'64 that UCLA won 30 straight and crushed Duke in the NCAA final. Last year Wooden changed his defensive alignment to put still more pressure on the offense. He moved a man up the baseline to play the opponent making the inbounds pass. The effect was devastating, because opponents then had trouble even getting the ball into play. But the essential qualities of the press were the same—quickness, precision and extreme confidence in execution—as Michigan sadly learned in the

continued

national championship playoff last March. For this season Wooden plans other changes. "If we don't change," he says, "coaches will soon figure out how to lick it."

Basically, the press, whether it is full-court, three-quarters, half-court, 2-2-1, 2-1-2, 3-2, 4-1 or UCLA's 3-1-1, is an attacking defense. Its immediate aim is to cause an otherwise good team to panic. It is designed to upset the rhythm of the enemy offense, create instant confusion and force errors. When it succeeds, it can overcome a 10-point deficit in minutes. In UCLA's 3-1-1 the defense forms immediately after UCLA scores a field goal or a foul shot. The center plays the out-of-bounds passer tight, the guards protect the areas on either side and one man—usually the quickest and with the best reactions—assumes a position midway between the baseline and midcourt, ready to intercept a medium pass. The safety man lines up deep to guard against the long pass and to protect against penetration. When the opponents do put the ball into play UCLA usually will double-team the first receiver, trying to harass him into a fumble or into throwing the ball away.

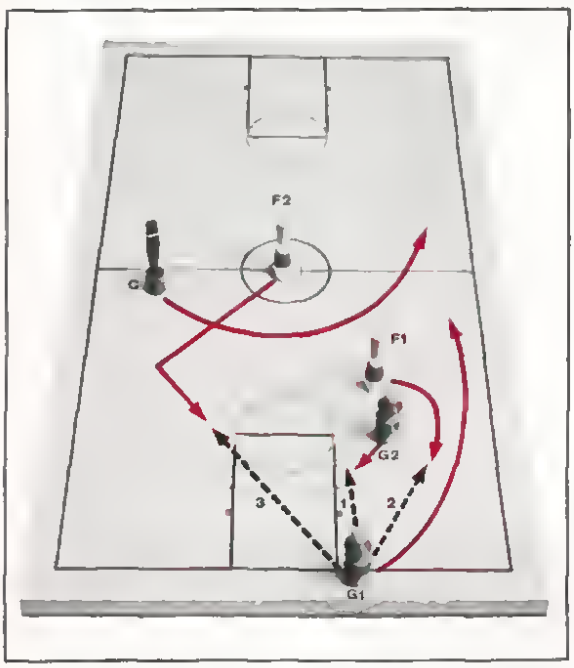
Occasionally UCLA will permit the first pass, offering only token resistance, and retreat upcourt into a more conventional defense. Then, when the floor position suits them, the Bruins revert to their swarming and double-teaming. Often the swift change of pace upsets the opposition, and the panic is on.

The zone press does not always work, of course. Because of its concentration on the ball rather than the man it is a gambling defense, and once beaten it often results in an easy field goal for the other team. But more often than not it at least succeeds in upsetting a planned attack. At best it creates panic. Either way, it sets the tempo for the game.

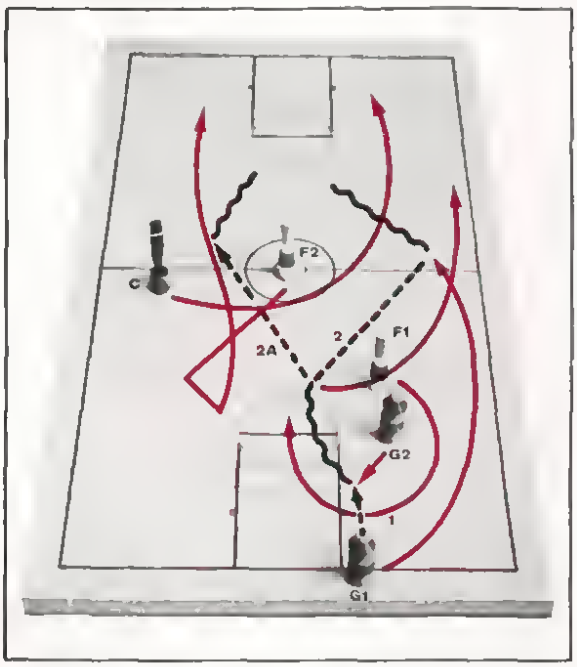
"Before the presses came along, the offensive team always dictated the court action," says Iowa Coach Ralph Miller, one of the earliest advocates of the full-court defense when he coached at Wichita East High School in the late '40s. "The defense had to wait to see what the offense was going to do. But now the defenses are forcing the issue." Pete Newell, who coached the California team that won the NCAA championship with a press, cites other advantages: "The zone press promotes an unselfish style of play. It does not emphasize individuals on offense alone. There is great squad appeal in this type of defense; it is a builder of team morale. The zone press is like a boxing pattern in which the boxer refuses to allow his opponent to get set, but stays in close, leans on him and makes him tire in the late stages."

What Loyola's George Ireland likes about it is its effect on the big man. "The zone press is basketball's first successful

AN ATTACK FOR ALL PRESSES



THE BASIC SETUP: Kentucky's Adolph Rupp and his assistant, Harry Lancaster, believe any zone press can be successfully challenged by one attack. In its three options (*right*) only the cutting angles of the players vary. It begins (*above*) with the offense overloaded to one side. Guard G1 can make the inbounds pass to any one of three men—the other guard, G2, who is the team's best ball handler (1), or either forward: F1, angling toward the ball (2), or F2, hooking back from midcourt (3). Everyone keys on G2. When he breaks, the others break simultaneously. After the first pass G1 heads upcourt while the center (C) cuts cross-court to support ensuing action.



FIRST OPTION: At the break, if G2 is clear, the first pass (1) goes to him. He quickly dribbles to the top of the foul circle and stops. He is now in position to whip a return pass (2) to G1, who has rushed up the right side after making the inbounds pass. If that route is closed he passes (2A) to F2, who, failing to receive the first pass, has reversed his field and cut back upcourt on the left side. F1 is the trailer, available for a safety pass in the event that G2 is hit with a double-team. C continues his arc toward the basket. "We want our men in center court near the circle," explains Lancaster, "so they will have passing lanes and won't be trapped on the sides."

attempt at neutralizing the big man," says Ireland. "If George Mikan were playing today, I doubt if he would be nearly as effective as he was in his time. I don't think Mikan was agile enough to handle the press."

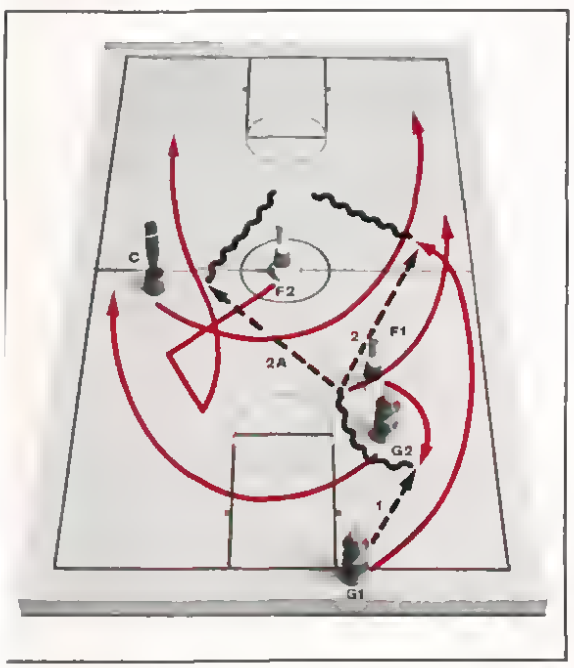
"It's the most effective defensive weapon in use today," claims Michigan's Dave Strack. "But you just have to have the quick, strong players to make it work. And they can't be lazy. The game is played at full speed all over the court, and every player must be ready to go all the time. The coach must be sold on the press, and then the players and the coach have to live and die with it."

Since Wooden and his players are living very well with it, the press, regardless of its disadvantages, will be the fashion for some time. At clinics and informal bull sessions last summer, more hours were spent on the press than on any other subject. At the Clinic of Champions held in Kansas City for 210 coaches, it was the *only* subject. Clinics usually list a dozen coaching problems. This is welcome news to Wooden and other coaches who plan to use some type of press this season. "That's the main value of it," says Wooden. "The more worried coaches are about it, the better it works."

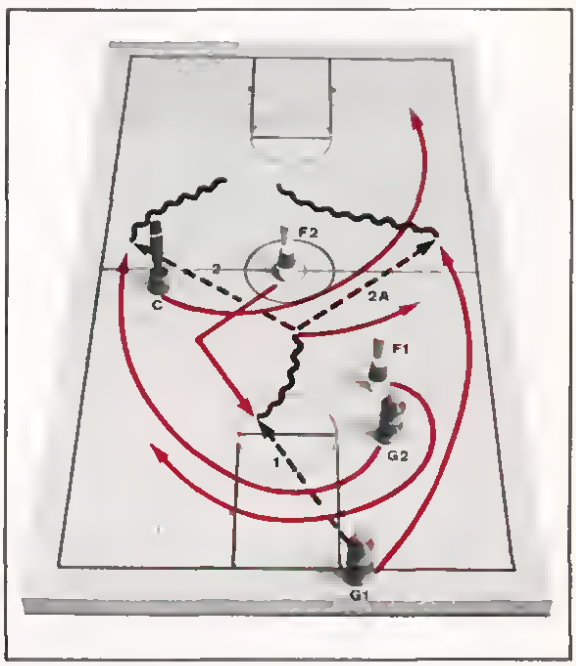
Ohio State's Fred Taylor, who has had excellent results against the press—he calls it "the rat game"—goes at the problem analytically. "There are several things you have to know about a press before you can attack it," he says. "Like why are they pressing? Does it complement the offense or become a total offense, the way UCLA works it? Then you have to determine the type of press, its zone alignment and coverage of key spots. Does it become man-to-man in the second line? Do they put pressure on the ball out of bounds? Sometimes a pressing team wants you to have the ball inbounds and they play it soft. That gets the clock going. Then they swarm you. In other setups they'll wait for you to come to them in a roadblock-type defense. Finally, you have to compare your own team to the opponent."

Once all this is determined, Taylor says, "there are countless avenues of attack, but first we try to bypass as many defensive men as quickly as possible. We'll look for the long pass. If it's a true zone press, we'll try to eliminate a couple of defenders in a hurry. Secondly, our basic premise is to get into the heart of the defense. Penetrate and get back out, because the ball draws a crowd. Then it boils down to the pregame planning, whether you're going to try to ram it down their throats if you beat the original press or set up and try to make them play half-court defense. The crux of beating the press is the way you determine what your personnel can do. You have to decide quickly whether or not you can ram it or if

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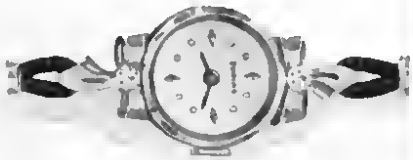
SECOND OPTION: G2 angles toward the passing lane and continues across it while F1 moves in to take the inbounds pass (1). F1 then dribbles slightly to the right of the foul circle. At this point he has two choices. He can return the pass (2) to G1, who has cut up the right side after making the inbounds pass, or he can pass (2A) to F2, who has again reversed direction and cut upcourt on the left side. Then F1 moves upcourt behind the play to create a possible three-on-two situation, which is what the offense wants against any zone press. The center's pattern remains the same, across the middle and up the right side. Type of press dictates which option is used.



THIRD OPTION: G1 fakes to both G2 and F1 as they cut across the passing lane toward the left of the court, and passes (1) to F2, angling to the ball at the top of the foul circle from his original position at midcourt. F2 dribbles briefly toward the center line, and now he has two options. He can pass the ball (2) to G2, racing up the left sideline, or (2A) to G1, who took off along the right sideline in what coaches call a "banana inside" pattern after making the inbounds pass. Rid of the ball, F2 moves right or left, behind the receiver—again hoping to force a three-on-two situation. "If the first two passes are sound," says Lancaster, "the press is usually beaten."



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Taylor will know soon enough whether his way works. His Bucks will try to handle UCLA's "rat game" this Friday in Los Angeles.

The most important requisite, agrees California's Newell, is for a team to have a plan of attack. "If a coach does not provide a plan," he says in his book *Basketball Methods*, "he should not expect his players to react properly. The best way to force a pressure defense to retreat is to have the threat of men cutting to the basket all the time."

When Newell was coaching, he always designated a forward or center to take the ball out of bounds. "This was done for two reasons," he says. "A smaller player often has trouble passing over his defensive man, and his vision upcourt is impaired by the defensive man. Also we could more easily determine if the defense was playing man-to-man or zone. Next, we wanted to create a passing lane for the inbounds passer. One guard lined up approximately 15 feet from the baseline, head on to the player taking the ball out of bounds. He had the opportunity of breaking in either direction to create a passing lane. The other guard was parallel to the first guard on the opposite side of the court for an alternate lead. The two remaining men went upcourt, one on either side. They hesitated at the center line, to receive a long pass or to move back to help if needed.

"The out-of-bounds man passed to a guard, then moved into the lane for a return pass. One deep man cut back to meet the ball while the other guard cut upcourt. The player with the ball then had the option of passing to the deep man coming back or the guard heading upcourt."

Theoretically, this causes the pressure defense to spread, and when it does it is licked.

Howie Dallmar of Stanford is probably more familiar with the UCLA press than most coaches, because he has to face it twice a season in the AAWU. "The offensive problems are twofold," he says. "First, teams have to organize for the throw-in, and then they have to regroup to take the ball upcourt. Some teams, on the initial pass, like to have the guard throw upcourt to either forward. But they must be very careful, because the zone press can quickly adjust to 2-2-1, with both defensive forwards rotating to cover the long pass.

"Others like to flood an area to overload the zone. But once the ball is in, you face another problem—bringing it from back court to front court through the meat grinder. For this you can use a 3-2 attack, with the two guards and your most active forward bringing up the ball, or the more standard 2-3. In either case, the idea is to pass through the zone with a minimum amount of dribbling."

Kansas State's Tex Winter, on the other hand, does not believe in setting up definite play patterns against a press. "The defense can too easily size them up and block the passing lanes," he claims. "If you can execute the skills of the game while moving fast you are difficult to press successfully. What I want to do is outpressure the pressure. A fast-breaking team is best suited for this. I want fast passes rather than a dribble, but if no pass is open, then I like a quick dribble to escape a possible double-team trap.

"I tell my center and forwards to keep the pressure on their defensive men by continuously working behind them toward the offensive basket. But if they see a guard in trouble, they must be alert to come back and help out, the forward on the ball side first. He keeps coming until he gets a pass or is within 15 feet of the ball and has not received a pass. Then he should reverse quickly and head upcourt fast for a possible long pass over the heads of the defenders." A few of these for baskets, Winter figures, will soon discourage any press.

"My theory," says Michigan's Strack, "is to run with the ball, and despite what happened to us in the UCLA game last season I still think the zone press is vulnerable to quick basketball. What we tried to do against UCLA was to get the ball to our strongest man, Cazzie Russell, and have Bill Buntin go to midcourt and hook back to help." (Interestingly enough, many press advocates believe it works best of all against a team with a star like Cazzie Russell. Says Harry Lancaster, Adolph Rupp's astute assistant at Kentucky, "A Russell will take the zone press as a challenge and try to beat it singlehanded, even if he has to try to dribble through it. This is the worst thing to use against the press. We want to hold the dribble to a minimum. But a guy like Russell may try to go all the way with it. A poorer

continued



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player, with less confidence, will be afraid of getting trapped by the zone press. He won't want to handle the ball and will get rid of it quickly. That's the thing to do.")

One thing that has contributed to the recent success of pressing defenses, says Providence's Joe Mullaney, is the lack of good ball handlers in the game today. "A press takes advantage of this lack," he adds. "Some teams have one, or maybe two, ball handlers, but they must get rid of the ball sometime and eventually the weak men on your team have to touch it. That's when you're in trouble. You just can't bury a couple of bad ball handlers against a zone press." (One beneficial result of the trend to presses may be a return to thorough grounding in ball-handling fundamentals by coaches.)

A man-to-man press is really no problem, says Mullaney, because "any kid who can put the ball on the ground will easily beat it. Everybody just clears out to let him operate one-on-one. But, regardless of the type of press we have to face, we teach our players one theory for attacking it. There are no set patterns, because zones, even presses, bend so much that a player must be flexible enough to adjust quickly to any pattern. We want to split the defensive men, always giving them the problem of moving to us. Also we want to spread the defense and then get to open areas with the ball. The first receiver should be our best ball-handling guard, and if he is a good one he will escape the first double-team in backcourt. After that he heads upcourt on one side, almost inviting another double-team, with the other guard trailing on the other side at about a 45° angle. If the first man finds himself one-on-one, he tries to beat his opponent on the dribble. If he is shut off by a double-team, he tries to shoot the gap between it with a pass, or passes off to his trailer, who is in the only open area." But, admits Mullaney, this can only work when you have the ball handlers.

Iowa's Miller is sold on the aggressive approach. "To combat attack, you must use more attack," he says. "But it does not have to be reckless. It can be careful, though not cautious, because caution implies fear, and fear is fatal to any offense. I don't think it matters too much what kind of specific offense you use against a zone press. The best way to attack it is with a passing game. When you dribble the ball, the defense simply moves with it and the defense's form remains intact. Coach Phog Allen's theory is as sound now as it was in the 1920s, and I subscribe to it. 'Pass the ball to a man in the open and then move to a new position yourself.' "

Notre Dame's Johnny Dee favors the bounce pass out to the first man. He thinks there is less chance for an interception that way. "The basic fundamental of the zone press is that it is going to play the ball," he says. "So we want to overload the zone and try to set up screens to break a receiver loose. I bring a third man to the ball to get four against three in the backcourt."

Louisville's Peck Hickman warns, "The team that presses the panic button against the zone press is the team that gets whipped by it. So it is of primary importance to retain your poise. For instance, if one of our big men is shut off by two guards, we tell him to take the five-second penalty of a jump ball rather than throw a bad pass. Then he still has a chance to control the jump. That's better than giving up two points. Technically, we will try for area passes —passes into specific areas designated beforehand—and avoid throwing the cross-court pass. We also will screen to get receivers free from a defender, and we want our men to be cutting at angles at all times."

Loyola's Ireland, who uses the press himself, says he is not worried about it at all: "We had no trouble handling the UCLA press last year. We only lost the ball three times because of the press and picked up about six to eight baskets against it. We would have lost the ball three times against any defense. It's easier to crack a pressing defense than an ordinary one, because the defense must cover more floor area."

A corollary to this view is the opinion of Villanova's Jack Kraft that "the team that presses will often get upset if this tactic is turned against it. You'll see it happen many times—throw a tough zone against a pressing team and they'll panic." Kraft, highly respected by coaches for his well-coached squads, also takes positions directly opposed to those generally accepted on three points: use of the dribble, passing and avoidance of the sideline areas. He encourages his players to dribble the ball. "The first thing we want to do is break down their front line and then attack the basket under normal fast-break conditions," he

continued

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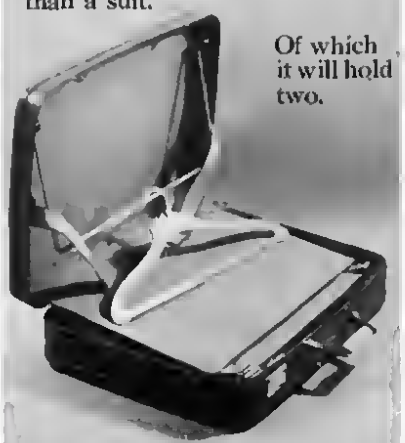
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says. "The less passing you do the less chance there is for losing the ball. I like my best ball handler to bring the ball up along the sidelines, because that makes it more difficult for the middle man to double-team. I keep my other guard behind the ball as a trailer for a safety pass, and if he gets the ball his move is to the other side. What this does is spread the middle man so that we can get the ball to the middle from the sideline. When we arrive there, then we have three-on-two, and that's the way we want to be against a zone press. That should finish it.

"The second phase of our play—and the most difficult to get across to our players—is that you must attack the basket quickly. We don't want to give the opposition time tu regroup into a normal defense. But you'd better have the ball handlers against the press. If you haven't—forget it. Don't even show up."

Because he agrees with that last statement and possibly because he is a frequent user of the press himself, DePaul's Ray Meyer spends more time preparing to meet it than most other coaches. Hoping to develop player confidence as well as technique, he devotes two full weeks of preseason practice as well as part of every week during the season to playing against it. Meyer has several drills specifically designed to combat presses. His men work diligently on dribbling, releasing the passer and staying away from the man with the ball. "The idea behind that maneuver," he explains, "is to isolate the man with the ball in a one-on-one situation. It is very difficult for one man to take the ball away from another without fouling."

Meyer welcomes a zone press because, he says, "We operate on the theory that we can pass faster than our opponents can run." His rules are: keep the ball in the middle to avoid being trapped on the sideline; once you lose your dribble, get rid of the ball because you can be double-teamed; do not bring your man close to the man with the ball.

So go the arguments. Every coach in the country has an opinion, all the way from Frank McGuire's "Just get better ballplayers" to complicated maneuvers involving overloads and split-second screens. It is all music to John Wooden. "As long as so many coaches feel there are so many ways to beat the zone press," he says, "that means no one is really sure. It is evidence that the press is hard to beat." END

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK

USC's Mike Garrett did it—he broke the NCAA three-year career rushing record. And Alabama and Nebraska did it, too—The Tide crushed Auburn to take the Southeastern Conference title and the Cornhuskers finished undefeated for the first time in 50 years. For the rest it was a time of tradition, and no game was more fraught with it than the one Navy played with Army (below)

THE EAST 1. DARTMOUTH (9–0) 2. SYRACUSE (7–3) 3. PRINCETON (8–1)

For a few brief moments last Saturday some 102,000 people luxuriating in the warm sunshine in Philadelphia's Kennedy Stadium were led into thinking they were in for a brilliant offensive show. In one sudden strike from the NAVY 25 early in the game, ARMY's Sonny Stowers slanted off his right tackle while the Middies were caught blitzing the other way. Unchallenged, Stowers went in for a touchdown, and Andy Oull kicked the extra point. Then, just before the end of the half, an intercepted pass gave Navy the ball on the Cadet 36. Quarterback John Cartwright, in between nervous misses, passed to Halfback Terry Murray for 15 yards, to End Phil Norton for 13 and again to Murray for the last eight. Felix Bassi's placement tied the score at 7–7.

After that, except for one Navy stab that ended in a bungled field-goal try, the two teams were about as daring as a 1920 lady's bathing suit. Turning on their defenses, they bruised and battered each other to no effective purpose, unless it was to prove Army had the better of it. Ends Sam Champi, who played both ways, and Tom Schwartz, Linebacker Townsend Clarke and Guard Vince Casillo blitzed Cartwright to death, and the game ended in a 7–7 tie. "That defense," observed Army's disappointed Paul Dietzel, "has been our only strength all year." Navy's Bill Elias admired it, too. "We anticipated it," he said glumly, "but we didn't handle it well at all."

Irked because Holy Cross refused to postpone the game a day when a torrential downpour turned Fitton Field into gumbo, BOSTON COLLEGE went after the Crusaders hard. Sophomore Brendan McCarthy clobbered them for 139 yards, Terry Erwin slithered through the muck for three touchdowns, and BC won 35–0. "We haven't been kicked around like that by anybody," said Holy Cross Coach Mel Massucco sadly.

The Ivy League had its last fling on Thanksgiving Day, and CORNELL's Pete Larson made the most of it. He ran for three scores as the Big Red beat Penn easily 38–14.



Sturdiest of all in Philadelphia defensive game was Army's Sam Champi (86).

THE SOUTH 1. ALABAMA (8–1–1) 2. TENNESSEE (6–1–2) 3. FLORIDA (7–3)

Not all the fireworks were in Birmingham, where ALABAMA was bombing Auburn for the Southeastern Conference title. TENNESSEE, off to a fast start on Fullback Stan Mitchell's 62-yard touchdown run on the *third play of the game, took Vanderbilt 21–3* to finish third in the conference.

It was a hard week for bowl selectors. While jittery Sugar Bowl committeemen peeked fearfully through laced fingers, FLORIDA almost got it from Florida State. The Gators had to come from behind on Quarterback Steve Spurrier's 25-yard pass to End Charlie Casey with 2:10 to go to pull ahead of the doughty Seminoles 23–17. Then Allen Trammell picked off a pass and ran it back 46 yards to give Florida a 30–17 victory. But Gator Bowl folks came away with egg on their faces when Georgia Tech, their early choice, was upset by GEORGIA 17–7. The Bulldogs stuck their linebackers in tight and shot them through the gaps to pin down Tech Quarterback Kim King.

The Liberty Bowl, thankful to get anybody at all for its December 18 game in Memphis, came up with a winner. MISSISSIPPI, now 6–4, plowed under old rival Mississippi State 21–0 and will meet Auburn.

What should have been a mere breeze for NOTRE DAME turned out to be a full-blown hurricane. Tough MIAMI stacked the Irish runners with a nine-man front and then enjoyed the results. Without an accomplished passer, Notre Dame collapsed, and the Hurricanes came away with a delightful—and unexpected—scoreless tie.

Little GRAMBLING, a veritable gold mine for pro talent scouts, put its beef trust on display against Lincoln in the Sugar Cup Classic, and they ran away from the Tigers 58–14. The win gained Grambling a shot at unbeaten North Dakota State, the nation's

continued











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Gin was born in the 17th century, when a Dr. Sylvius (Franciscus de la Boe), a professor of medicine at the University of Leyden, invented a drink based on the juniper berry. His purpose was to make a medicine for the fever that attacked Dutch seamen.

The English, whose soldiers fought in the Low Countries, picked up the drink. By the time of the Restoration, in 1660, England was distilling her own gin in large quantities. This lighter, cleaner drink relied not on the juniper alone, but also on other herbs and barks and roots and fruit rinds.

But, in those early days, gin remained a seaman's and soldier's drink, sold by the glass in the gin shops that abounded in 17th and 18th century England.

In 1820 a small distillery was opened in Lambeth,



within long bowshot of the Tower of London. Here James Burrough devoted himself to distilling something better in gin. His purpose was to make a gin fit to rank with the noble whiskies, the aged brandies and the great wines that graced the Georgian gentleman's sideboard.

One of the requirements of a great gin is to start with an utterly clean spirit. The slightest trace of alien flavor can throw off the delicate balance of the final flavor the distiller seeks.

In ordinary gins, such minor blemishes may be masked. In a great gin, they cannot.

The clean spirit

The invention of the column still by Aeneas Coffey in 1830 made it possible for the Burroughs to distill the doubly cleansed spirit needed for their gin in larger quantities. And from this time forward, a superlatively dry, soft-finished gin became more widely available.

NOTE: Beefeater gin, the Burrough family gin, got its name from the Royal Yeomen who stand guard over the crown jewels at the Tower of London. The Beefeaters were formed as a corps by Henry Tudor, grandfather of Elizabeth I, in 1485. Termed "bulletier" from one of his duties, that of supervising the bullet at royal banquets, the royal guard came to be known as a "Beefeater."

There is only one Beefeater gin and its quality today continues to be doubly safeguarded by family care.

"We use our original stills today," reports Eric Burrough, "and when, as is obvious, we have to add a new one, it is made to the exact old pattern."

A member of the Burrough family personally attends the measuring of ingredients. A member of the family approves each finished batch of Beefeater gin before it is allowed to leave the famous Lambeth distillery.

This care is well rewarded as the Beefeater tradition continues to grow. Beefeater gin today is the leading premium gin, not only in England, but wherever English is spoken. The real reward can be yours, and perhaps your friends', in the coming holiday season.



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No. 1 small-college team, in the Pecan Bowl in Abilene, Texas on December 11.

THE MIDWEST 1. MICHIGAN STATE (10–0) 2. NEARASKA (10–0) 3. PURDUE (7–2–1)

For a time it looked like NEBRASKA's perfect season was going down the drain, just the way it did a year ago. While the Huskers bumbled and fumbled, Oklahoma's suddenly sturdy young bulls blocked a kick and pounced on three loose balls. Ron Shotts kicked a 21-yard field goal after one Nebraska fumble, Larry Brown smashed over from the three after another and the Sooners led 9–0 in the second quarter. Then Coach Bob Devaney yanked nervy Quarterback Fred Duda for steadier Bob Churchich, and almost immediately the Huskers woke up. Choo-Choo Winters, trying for a first down at the Oklahoma 29, slammed off tackle, found himself in the clear and went all the way. In the third quarter Lighthorse Harry Wilson cut loose on a wide left sweep and ran 66 yards for a touchdown. Pretty soon Churchich threw a 38-yard pass to Wilson, and it was all over for valiant Oklahoma 21–9. The Huskers had their unbeaten season, the first one in 50 years and the first ever for Devaney, who was promptly tossed into the showers by his happy players. A wet Devaney came out bubbling, "This is the best team I've ever had. These boys are as good as anybody."

Colorado State acted like it had never heard of TULSA's Billy Anderson and Howard Twilley, who break college passing records almost every time they play catch. For three quarters State's Bob Wolfe outpitched Anderson, three touchdowns to one, and the Hurricanes barely led 21–20. Then Anderson began to pass—*really*. He threw long touchdown passes to Flanker Neal Sweeney (60 and 63 yards) and Twilley (51 yards), a short one (13 yards) to Bob Daugherty, and Tulsa took the game 48–20 as four more NCAA marks fell. The new records: by Anderson—who completed 37 of 57 passes—502 yards passing in a single game and 3,464 for the season; by Twilley—who scored twice to lead the nation with 127 points—19 catches in a game and 16 touchdowns for the year. Coach Glenn Dobbs, his face wreathed in a big smile, took about two seconds to accept an invitation to play Tennessee in the Bluebonnet Bowl. "It just so happens that we can go," he said.

It was bowling time, too, for some small colleges, and once-beaten NORTH DAKOTA whipped unbeaten Northern Illinois 37–20 in the Mineral Water Bowl in Excelsior Springs, Mo. Undefeated ST. JOHN'S of Collegeville, Minn. routed Fairmont (West Virginia) State 28–7 for the right to play Linfield, Ore. in the NAIA Championship Bowl on December 11 in Augusta, Ga.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. ARKANSAS (10–0) 2. TEXAS TECH (8–2) 3. TCU (6–4)

Using a potpourri offense that included almost everything from the single wing to the tight I and a voracious defense that limited TEXAS CHRISTIAN to only 12 yards in the first half, Southern Methodist seemed on its way to an easy win. Suddenly, though, the Mustangs gave up large chunks of yardage, first to the officials, then to the Frogs, and their 7–0 lead was in jeopardy. Worst for SMU were five successive, quick and staggering penalties totaling 47 yards. "The way that official was moving that ball, I thought *he* was going to score," said one miffed SMU player. As it turned out TCU scored without official help, moving 87 yards in 10 plays. Then TCU's Bruce Alford kicked a 40-yard field goal for a 10–7 win and a bid to play Texas Western in the Sun Bowl.

Early in the second quarter of a scoreless battle against TEXAS, the Texas A&M Aggies had the ball on their own nine—the perfect time to use the surprise play they had practiced for two weeks. Quarterback Harry Ledbetter lateraled overhand, bouncing the ball according to plan off the ground before it reached his halfback, Jim Kauffmann. Ledbetter threw his hands up in disgust. Kauffmann stomped his foot in anger. But then came the surprise. Kauffmann stopped playing possum and passed to Ken McLean, all alone at midfield, and the big end ran the rest of the way to a 91-yard touchdown. It was the season's best and most bizarre play but, alas, to no avail. Texas, falling back on the more conventional passing of Marv Kristynik and the running of Jim Helms, rallied to score three times in 12 minutes for a 21–17 victory.

Coach Jess Neely of Rice could sympathize with the Aggies, for he, too, had a pet play that worked to perfection—in a 17–13 loss to BAYLOR. He sent in sub Quarterback Bob Hailey for just two plays and Hailey threw two scoring passes to Glen Hine. Baylor, however, pounced on two Rice fumbles, and Dick Defee made them pay off on touchdown runs of 17 and 11 yards.

The TEXAS WESTERN-West Texas State

continued

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Heisman Trophy winner Mike Garrett ended a brilliant record-breaking college career with 112 yards gained rushing and three touchdowns. For good measure he threw a 30-yard scoring pass as USC beat Wyoming.

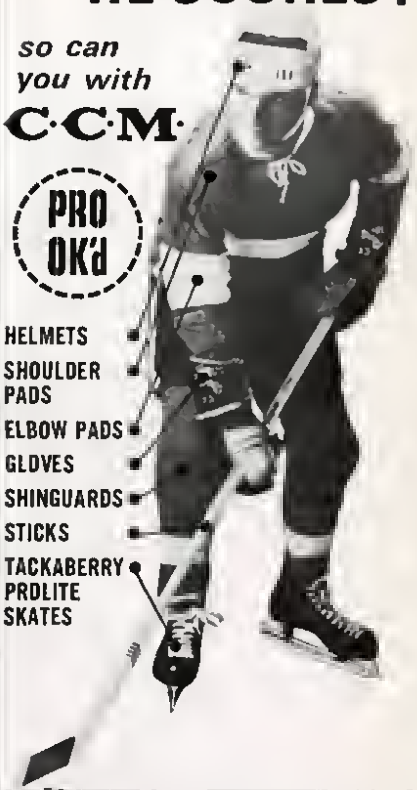
THE LINEMAN: When Notre Dame was invited to come on down and play Miami it had not counted on the likes of Linebacker Ed Weisacosky who wrecked the Irish attack, crashing in to make 15 unaided tackles in a 0–0 tie.

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game was, literally, up in the air: 101 passes were thrown. Billy Stevens of Western completed 29 of 56 for 355 yards. Spencer Washington of State hit on 18 of 45 for 315 yards. The most significant pass was a five-yarder from Stevens to Chuck Hughes. It broke a tie and led the Miners to a 38–21 win.

LINFIELD of Oregon ended Sul Ross's 16-game winning streak, defeating the Texans 30–27 in an NAIA semifinal playoff.

THE WEST *1. UCLA (7–1–1) 2. USC (7–2–1) 3. WASHINGTON (5–5)*

The news that Halfback Mike Garrett had won the Heisman Trophy reached SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA just when the Trojans badly needed a lift after losing to UCLA. Obviously, it called for a celebration, so USC smashed Wyoming 56–6. Garrett had another one of his routinely spectacular days, scoring three touchdowns and passing for a fourth. Along the way he set four rushing records: NCAA three-year, 3,221 yards; AAWU and USC single-season, 1,440 yards and 612 carries; USC career total offense, 3,269 yards. Alone he was enough to do in the overmatched Cowboys, but Quarterback Troy Winslow made some contributions too. He threw four touchdown passes, two to End Dave Moton (who also caught one from Garrett), and one each to End John Thomas and Flanker Rod Sherman. Coach Johnny McKay, of course, had already said it all about Garrett. But he was enchanted by Winslow, too. "He doesn't have a long arm," said McKay. "In fact, I could have autographed one of the passes he threw—but he's good, isn't he?"

They used to tell funny stories about BRIGHAM YOUNG football. Like how every time *BYU* got a *decent* player the Mormons would send him off on a one-year mission. One former coach said that he even tried recruiting some mean old Catholic boys but the good Mormons on the squad converted them. The fact is that in 43 seasons the Cougars had never won any kind of a football championship—until last Saturday when Quarterback Virgil Carter came out throwing against New Mexico's shoddy pass defense (it had given up 15 scores). With the placid Lobos scattering frantically and futilely, Carter completed 23 of 32 passes for 309 yards and three touchdowns and ran for 14 more to break the Western AC career total offense record with 2,263 yards, and BYU routed New Mexico 42–8 for a 6–4 record and the WAC title. "We didn't make more than two defensive mistakes," bragged Coach Tom Hudspeth.

BYU's win ended whatever chance fast-finishing ARIZONA STATE had for the championship, but the cocky Sun Devils finished with a show of strength, taking their fifth straight, 14–6 over Arizona.

—MERVIN HYMAN

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He was drawing big, fine crowds to Houston's athletic greenhouse, the Astrodome, but was his message getting through? **Billy Graham** wasn't sure. "These seats are made for baseball and football," said Dr. Graham, "but for a preaching service they are too comfortable. Too many people can go to sleep. I like those old, hard wooden benches, where you twist and turn—and stay awake. And you get your calisthenics while listening to the preacher."

As one able to leap tall buildings in a single bound, Pole Vaulter **Don Bragg** was a natural to try out for the title role in a new Broadway musical called *It's Superman*. When last heard from, Olympian Bragg was hankering to play Tarzan in the movies, but that project never got off the ground and into the trees. Now here he was singing songs and reading lines from the script for the *Superman* people. He was pretty good, but he didn't measure up in every way they had in mind. Specifications called for a man standing 6 feet 4 and weighing 190 pounds who could really sing and act. Bragg is 6 feet 3, weighs 220 and is, uh, a great ex-pole vaulter.

Fresh out of new places to drop into of an evening in their upper East Side neighborhood in New York, Yankee Infielder **Phil Linz** and Army's famed ex-Halfback **Bob Anderson** determined to construct their own. So doing, they rented store space in a new building, nailed up a handsome beamed ceiling, laid a brick fireplace, pasted beige-and-green burlap on the walls and put down a red-slate floor (*below*). They named it Mr. Laff's Tavern and, dusting off their hands, stood back for a hoped-for rush. But there was one unsettling complication: a few days before the opening Linz got word he'd been traded to Philadelphia.

Taking a visiting VIP on a hunt is ordinarily a difficult and demanding business for the host. What if the visitor can't shoot? Should the host tie down the prey, or fire simultaneously and hope for the best, or what? Such questions gave Austrian officials headaches when Rumanian Prime Minister **Ion Gheorghe Maurer** showed up aching to bag a chamois—a hard-to-find, hard-to-hit mountain antelope. Their precautions of walkie-talkies, beaters and fervent prayers weren't really necessary. When Maurer sighted a chamois scarcely two hours after the hunt began, he calmly dropped it with a single, classic neck shot, from 273 yards. "No one will believe it," sighed the prime minister.

He was a triple-threat back at Indiana and, in the days when there were such things, played for the Los Angeles Dons, the New York Yanks and the Dallas Texans before becoming a Baltimore Colt. Nowadays, Halfback **George Taliaferro** holds a master's degree in social work, and he and his staff are caught up in the antipoverty program not far from Baltimore. One fine, fallish day they all got together for a little game of easy-does-it touch. Whereupon one of his own men crunched down on George's ankle. The cast comes off the leg—and the old All-America comes off the crutches—next week.

Along with 120,000 others—a smallish crowd by local standards—**Bobby** and **Ethel Kennedy** trooped into Rio's Maracana stadium for a soccer match between Brazil and the U.S.S.R. and, in keeping with their goodwill mission, rooted for the home team. Brazil could do no better than tie the Russians 2–2, but one of those goals was scored by Brazil's divine **Pelé**. After the game Kennedy went to the locker room, where he found Pelé under the shower like any mortal. Pelé emerged in a lather but was unflustered by the fuss when given a J.F.K. tie clasp and a J.F.K. half-dollar key chain. Not so R.F.K. "Did you get his autograph?" asked Ethel, as Bobby came out. "Oh my gosh!" cried the Senator. "I completely forgot."

What with all the agitation he had had this year—bonking John Roseboro on the head with a bat and an allergy his doctor blamed on the revolution in his native Dominican Republic—the Giants' **Juan Marichal** decided to cool it this fall with skin diving. And already he talks as if deep-water euphoria has followed him to the surface and possessed him with unflappable tranquility. "In the sea you are on your own," says Marichal. "It is very beautiful. The colors change. Blood looks green. The barracuda stays the same distance all the time. But the shark will bump you. To find out if you are soft enough to eat, I guess."

What the University of Kentucky had in mind was a salute to alumni who had won letters in college athletics before going on to other glories in their professions. High on the list, of course, came Governor **Edward Breathitt Jr.**, who was a letterman in track back in the '40s. Breathitt? Funny, nobody could recall any of his exploits. "I ran the 440, but not well enough to letter," the governor confessed. "I got that as manager."

Almost everyone agrees that when a heel-and-toe racer sets out to walk the 50-kilometer Olympic course he will be gone for a while, but when one more U.S.A. contestant came puffing and blowing down a Tokyo street the other day, a year after the Olympics had ended, it was enough to tax a passerby's credulity. Which, you might say, was right in keeping with the rest of **Jim Hutton**'s latest movie (*below*): boy Olympian with no place to sleep meets girl secretary with bedroom to spare, etc., etc. Still, the number 44 that Hutton was wearing on his jersey—that rang a bell. "I used it because of a friend," said Hollywood's Hutton. "It belongs to **Jerry West** of the Lakers."







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An extravagant outing for a rare rookie

Gale Sayers opened in New York and made a clinching argument in his case to be named the NFL's Rookie of the Year. The swift, lithe Chicago halfback ran for two touchdowns and outgained all his Giant opponents

This is a season in which the National Football League has a crop of startlingly good rookies, but there is now no argument about who will be the Rookie of the Year. That man is Gale Sayers, the marvelously exciting running back of the Chicago Bears. He clinched his case for the rookie award last Sunday in Yankee Stadium as the Bears defeated the Giants 35–14 in a game that also featured two of his strongest first-year rivals: his teammate, Linebacker Dick Butkus, and New York's Fullback Tucker Frederickson.

Enjoying an extravagant day even for a Gale Sayers, the Bear halfback ran 45 yards for one Chicago touchdown and 15 yards for another and threw a southpaw touchdown pass. It did not matter a great deal that the passing touchdown was nullified by a penalty, since Sayers gained 113 yards on 13 carries. That was a little more than twice as many yards as were earned by the Giant team. Sayers also returned two kickoffs for 41 yards and, as an extra fillip, caught two passes for 24 more.

Frederickson, the big Giant fullback, was eclipsed, although he played very well. And fairness requires it to be noted that he played with a sore hamstring muscle and that the young Giant team did not often afford him the luxury of route-clearing blocks.

Butkus, the large, agile and tough middle linebacker, intercepted a pass, recovered a fumble and made himself obnoxious to Giant ballcarriers all afternoon. His was, in its less spectacular way, almost as tremendous a performance as Sayers'.

But the undisputed star of the day was Sayers, a small (for a pro running back), quiet, attentive young man from Omaha who graduated to the Bears from the University of Kansas. While he was at Kansas, Sayers was courted assiduously by the Kansas City Chiefs of the AFL. "From my junior year on," says Sayers, "they would invite me to see their games. And then they drafted me first and made me a real good offer." Sayers was also the first draft choice of the Bears, whose counteroffer he usually describes as "$4.95 and a carton of Cokes."

Exactly how much more George Halas, who owns the Bears, paid for the Jayhawk flash has not been disclosed, but his gross income for the next three years is probably in the neighborhood of $200,000.

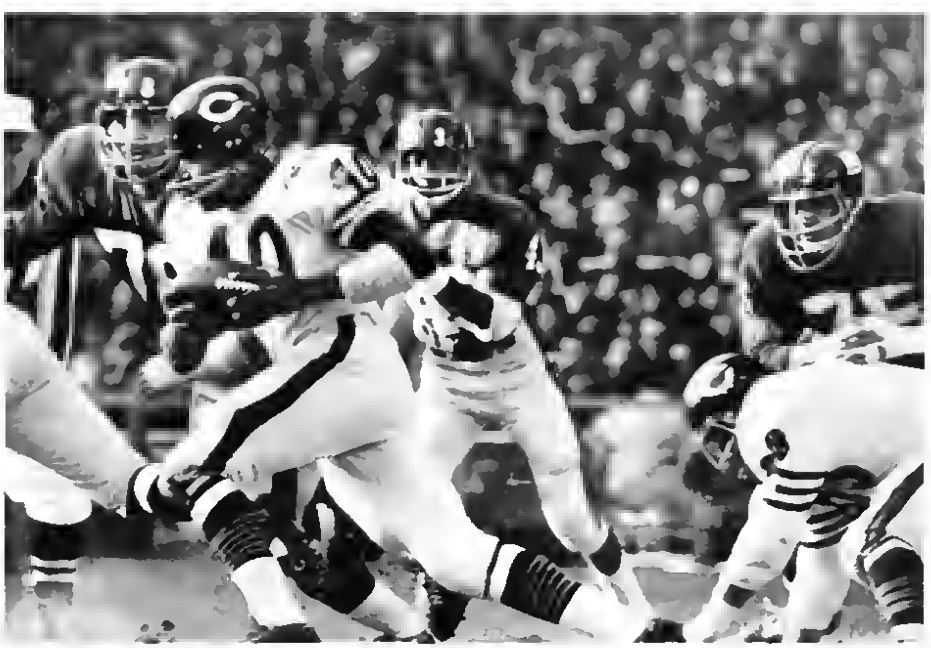
"He is worth every cent he cost," says Halas. "I pay him more than the entire payroll for a season in the old days. Of course, the league maximum then was $100 a game, and we had 18 players for a 10-game season."

Halas, not a fast man with a compliment, compares Sayers to Chicago's two previous running heroes, George McAfee and Red Grange. "McAfee was a quick, darting type of back," George says. "Grange wasn't so quick, but he had a fine ability to change direction and he was the master of the limp leg—giving a tackler a leg and taking it away when he made his move."

Sayers has a style all his own. "He has wonderful speed," Halas says, "and he has tremendous acceleration and a variety of gears. He can lull you into thinking he is going at top speed, and then turn up another notch and be gone before you know it."

Sayers demonstrated this ability perfectly on his first touchdown run against the Giants. During the first quarter he

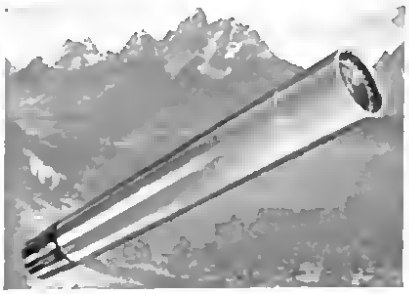
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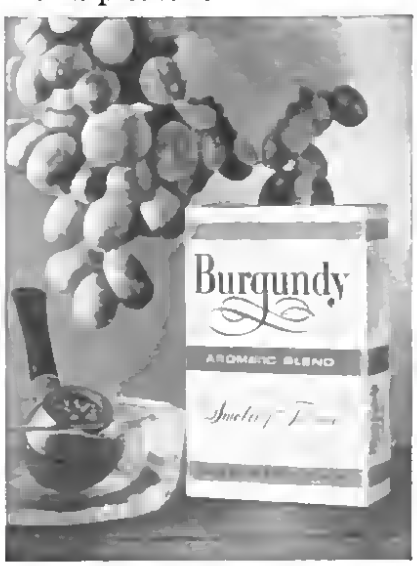
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had started wide to his left and had suddenly stopped and lofted a long, wobbly pass to Flanker Back Dick Gordon, another Bear rookie. Gordon caught the ball some 10 yards behind the befuddled Giant defense and scored a touchdown, but the play was called back because of a Bear holding penalty.

Now it was the second quarter, and again Sayers swung wide to his left, running with the long, low stride that makes his speed appear to be effortless. As he started to turn upfield he feinted another left-handed pass, and a Giant linebacker froze momentarily, which was long enough for big Mike Ditka, the Bear tight end, to obliterate him. Sayers brought the ball down, accelerated and zipped past a cluster of Giant defenders with the smooth speed of a hunting leopard.

"When he does things like that, we look at each other on the sideline and shake our heads," Halas says. "He is a great instinctive runner. We haven't tried to teach him anything about running."

Sayers himself cannot explain his ability. "I have no idea what I do," he says. "I hear people talk about dead leg, shake, change of pace and all that, but I do things without thinking about them. Like on the long run, when I faked the pass. That is not part of the play. The play was called purely as a run, but for some reason I faked the pass and it worked out pretty well.

"I know I've still got a lot to learn, and I'm working on it. I've improved my blocking some, but I'm not working real well with the blockers ahead of me on runs. I don't think I have approached my peak. I mean, once I learn how to set up the blocks and how to mesh my speed with my blockers I'll be better. I'm working hard on that."

As a receiver Sayers is much better than average, and this is a skill he developed during the summer before he reported to the Bears. "I guess everybody knows we did not throw the ball much at Kansas," he says. "Under Jack Mitchell we were a running team. I had offers from 75 to 100 colleges when I got out of high school. All the Big Eight, all the Big Ten, Notre Dame, UCLA—schools like that. I took Kansas because I liked Coach Mitchell, and it was close to home. I made the right choice. He developed me. He taught me the refinements of running. He was a great coach and a fine human being, and we hit it off. But we didn't pass much." On his own, Sayers spent tedious but rewarding hours during the summer catching passes. "I started with good hands," he says. "But I had to get the feel of it. Now I think I can catch anything they want to throw me."

In the Bear dressing room after the game Sayers was an impressive sight. Although he weighs only 200 pounds, his thighs look as big and strong as Jim Brown's, and he has heavily muscled arms and shoulders. His waist is negligible, and he has the bunched, powerful buttocks of all strong runners. "I was pretty little when I started high school at Omaha Central," he said. "I weighed 110 pounds as a freshman. Then, in the summer between my freshman and sophomore years, I gained 50 pounds. I'm not quite sure why, except I spent all summer cutting lawns, and I guess pushing a lawnmower built me up. And I guess I was at the age to mature and grow."

At Omaha High he was a spectacular back and a good hurdler. His older brother, Roger, was a 9.4 sprinter. Gale has no idea how fast he is; he has never been timed in a sprint. A younger brother, who is a freshman football player at the University of Omaha, is bigger than Gale and probably is already noted in every scouting dossier in both pro leagues.

Gale was an All-America two years in a row at Kansas, but he got off to a so-so start with the Bears after spending three weeks in the College All-Star training camp. He did not play in the game. Most of the players who were at that camp have said since that there was a personality clash between Sayers and Coach Otto Graham, but Sayers will not comment on that. "I was hurt," he says quietly. "That's all."

At any rate, Sayers was not acclimated in the Bears' opening game against San Francisco (won by the 49ers), and he was in for only a few plays the next week against Los Angeles. The Bears lost that game, too. However, Sayers started against Green Bay the following week and, significantly, it was in the second half of that game that Chicago caught fire, although the result on the scoreboard was another defeat. Since then, the Bears have won seven of eight games, and Sayers has contributed strongly to each victory.

His two touchdowns last Sunday in New York brought his total for the year to 14, a new league record for rookies, with three games still to be played. The old record was not set by Jim Brown, incidentally, but by a pass receiver, End Bill Howton, in 1952.

Sayers is married, lives in Chicago and spends a lot of time listening to hi-fi music, but the only real passion of his *life is football.* "*I get my kicks running* with the ball," Sayers says. "I would play any position Mr. Halas wanted me to. Football is fun for me, and pro football is more fun than college football because you don't have to spend all that time studying other things. I mean, professional football is my career. I haven't even thought about what I want to do when I get through. Right now I'm just concentrating on doing as well as I can in my profession."

Someone asked him what he thought of Frederickson, who, along with Ken Willard of San Francisco, Dallas' Bob Hayes, and Butkus, is Sayers' strongest competition for Rookie of the Year.

"He impressed me at the All-Star camp," Sayers said ungrudgingly. "He's so compact you don't realize he weighs 225 pounds. And he hits hard, man, very hard. He also cuts better than any big man I ever saw. He is a real good one."

He is all of that, and the Giant fans, although disappointed by his performance Sunday as measured against Sayers' superperformance, knew that Frederickson would give them pleasure on other afternoons to come. He was the Giants' first draft choice as "the best athlete" of his collegiate year—the heavy, hard-running star of a fine Auburn team—and when the season opened it was clear that he was the big back New York had done without for too many years.

He was not merely a hustler who could rip into a good St. Louis team and send it into a tailspin (from which it never really recovered), as he did on October 31. He was also blond and good-looking and Deep South courteous. To Madison Avenue types who had been depressed by the decline and departure of Y. A. Tittle, he was the biggest thing since the sixpack.

But up at the Stadium, Sayers was wasting little energy pondering Frederickson or any other competitor. "All I think about, man," he said, "is winning, just winning." **END**

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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Up-and-down week in San Francisco

For Edgar Kaplan, a mild-mannered professional bridge expert, the two-week period that encompassed the Team Trials and the Fall Nationals was filled with as many ups and downs as the city where the events were held—San Francisco. Kaplan's fortnight began on a note of high optimism. He and his partner, Norman Kay, were regarded as a reasonably good bet to finish among the top three in the Trials and qualify for the North American team that will play in St. Vincent, Italy next April, but they never found their touch and finished ninth in a field of 18. Losing a trip to Italy as a team member, Kaplan was informed that he will go anyway as assistant team captain, a position for which he is well qualified by his thorough knowledge of Italian bidding methods and his theories on how to cope with them.

Trials over, Kaplan, along with his wife Betty, entered the first event of the Nationals, the Mixed Pair title. A record number of couples entered—814—but the Kaplans won easily. Next came the Men's Pairs, and Kaplan, playing this time with Vic Mitchell, racked up huge scores in the qualifying rounds. When the two men scored well enough in the first round of the final to take a lead and then posted a creditable score of 413½ points in the last round, they looked like certain winners, but they had to settle for second when Alex Tschekaloff and Paul Soloway, both of Los Angeles, scored an amazing 433½ in the last round.

Undaunted, Kaplan entered the board-a-match Open Team event with Kay, Howard Schenken and Peter Leventritt, but the best they could do was fifth. The title went to another California team: Eddie Kantar and Marshall Miles of Los Angeles and Lew Stansby and Mike Lawrence of the Bay area.

One interesting hand that helped the two Kaplans to their Mixed Pair victory

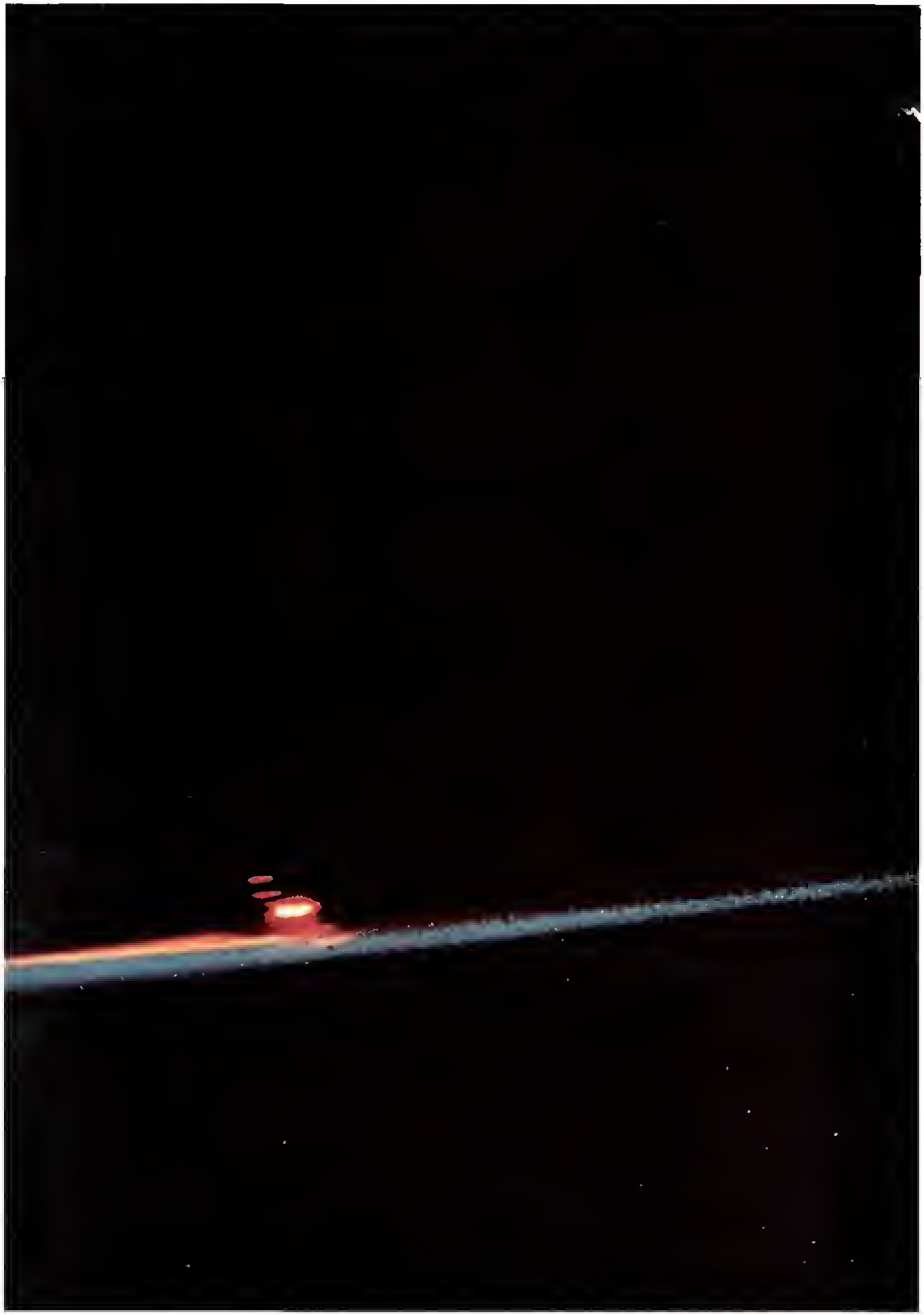
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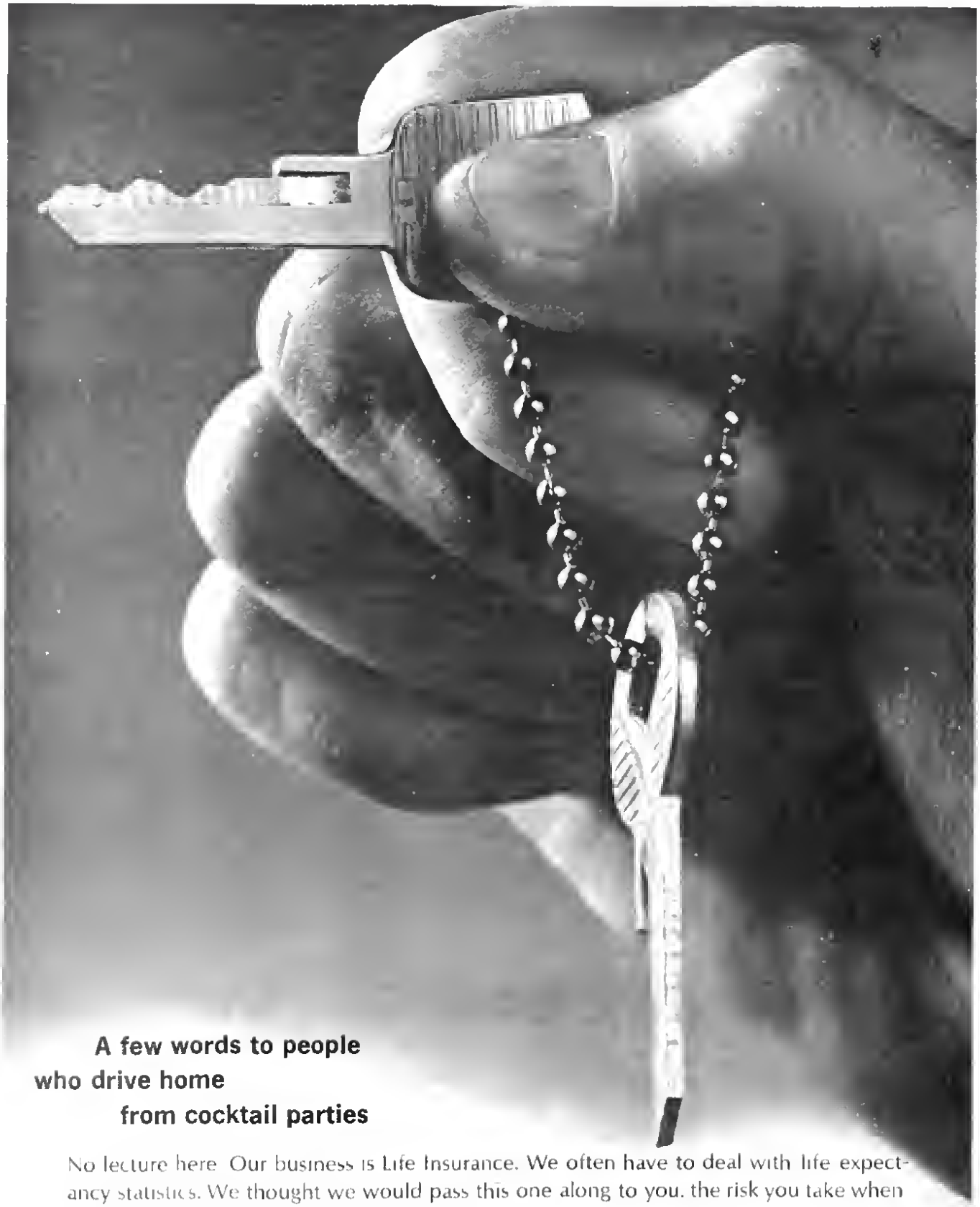
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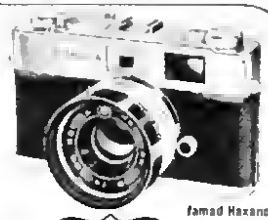


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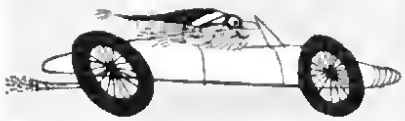
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was this one (*below*), in which Edgar demonstrated good playing technique.

West led the king of hearts and continued with the ace, which Kaplan ruffed. Had he led two high spades, the contract would have been unmakable. A third spade lead would have left declarer without a trump to stop the heart suit; abandoning trump leads would let East score a small trump as well as the trump queen, and the diamond ace would set the hand.

But Kaplan cashed only one high spade. Then he led the spade 9, giving

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ J 10 7 3
♥ 6 5 2
♦ K 9 8
♣ K Q 6

WEST
♠ 5
♥ A K Q J 7 4
♦ A Q 10 3 2
♣ 9

EAST
♠ Q 8 4 2
♥ 9 8 3
♦ J 7 6
♣ J 10 4

SOUTH
♠ A K 9 6
♥ 10
♦ 5 4
♣ A 8 7 5 3 2

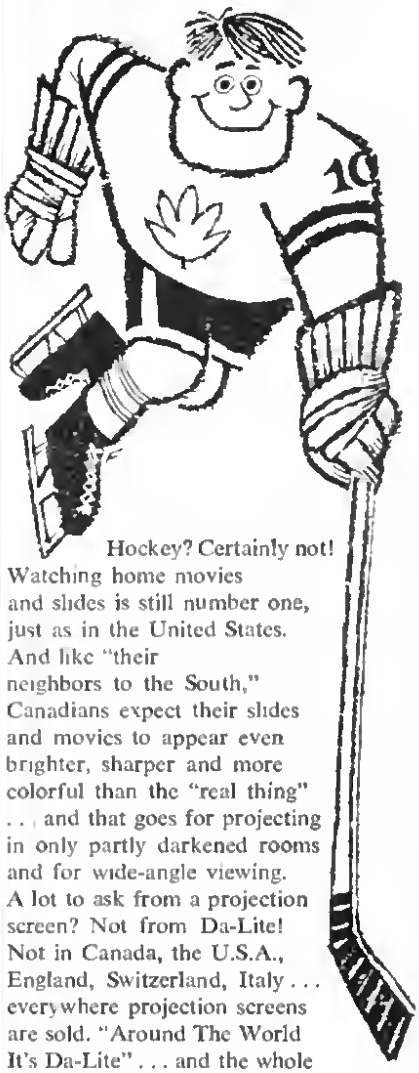
SOUTH (*Kaplan*)	WEST	NORTH (*Mrs. Kaplan*)	EAST
1 ♣	2 ♥	3 ♣	PASS
3 ♠	4 ♦	4 ♠	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: king of hearts

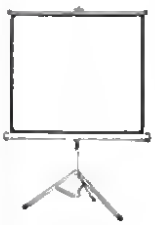
East an opportunity to win his queen. Then if East continued trumps, South would win, get to dummy with a high club and draw East's last trump, discarding one of his diamond losers. The club suit would win all but one of the remaining tricks. Or if East returned a heart, forcing South to trump with his ace of spades, the defenders would never get another trick. South would enter dummy with a club, discard both losing diamonds on the jack and 10 of spades and win the remainder with good clubs.

East tried his best by ducking the 9 of spades, but Kaplan turned his attention to the club suit. Fortunately East held three clubs and could not ruff in until the fourth round of the suit. By that time Kaplan had discarded dummy's third heart, and South's master trump could not be forced by a third heart lead. The best East could do was lead a diamond to let his partner win the third and last trick for the defenders and give Kaplan his doubled contract, a high spot in an up-and-down week. **END**

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he move in and throw a series of punches?"

"A little more. One more time. These are favorite phrases of mine. I am a greedy man. I'm tired of starting from the bottom and going all the way up again, but. . . . As long as I don't chase Clay I'm faster than he is. I didn't prove it, but a fighter has a way of knowing. When I can see every punch coming. . . . When I think about retiring, my feet get very hot. I get chills. No more gym. No more roadwork. Then I say to myself, 'You know, Floyd, you're not going to live forever.' Why always one more time? Why? I enjoy training more than anything else. Walking in the country. Wipe that out of my life? I could build a gym in my home, but it's not the same. I don't train to keep myself in shape. I train to have my body beaten. I've got to retire sooner or later, but I prefer later.

"Clay is better when you're chasing him," Patterson went on. "He has tremendous legs going back. He was baiting me by jumping back. He wanted me to follow him. Before I hurt my back I came at him very slowly. I stood in the middle of the ring. He hadn't caught me with anything worthwhile."

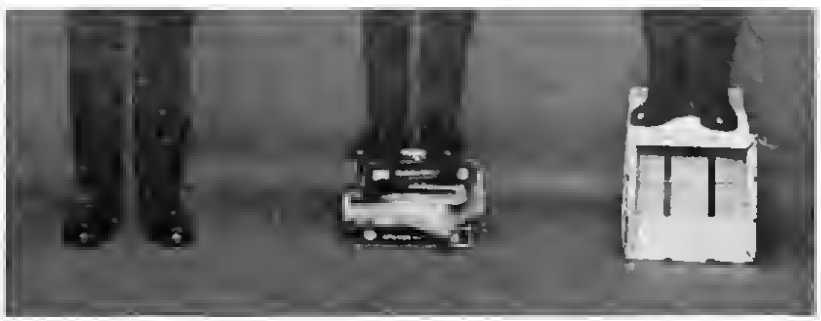
This is true, but it is because Clay hadn't tried to. Alas, Patterson still has not figured out how to fight him. When Al Silvani, Floyd's cut man, checked into Vegas two days before the fight, he asked Patterson how he was going to fight Clay. "I have no plan," Patterson reportedly told him. Perhaps there was no way for Patterson, but standing in the middle of the ring as though you are waiting for a No. 5 bus was definitely not it. You must press Clay, take away his punching room. The head is a lure. He wants you to go for the head. But if you hit him in the body you will eventually slow the legs, and his legs are how he lives. This could be seen late in the fight, when Clay was flagging and Patterson got to him a few times, but the great, solitary punches had long since lost their fire.

Many of the critics say the fight was sickening, a demeaning mismatch. What was demeaning for a time were Clay's taunting and cheap gestures, but not the fight. And how come, if it was a mismatch on Nov. 22, it wasn't on Nov. 21? Was Patterson worthier on Sunday than he was on Monday? What is sickening is the steady, predictable stream of ex post facto moralizing. Why not elect the heavyweight champion by a two-thirds vote of the U.N. General Assembly and leave it at that? The critics aren't satisfied with a quick knockout, they don't want a one-sided fight. What they want is John Garfield coming out of one corner and James Wong Howe on his roller skates. They don't want reality. What the critics want, in essence, is theater, a TV show, a series of events arranged so that they have dramatic unity and interest—in other words, a fixed fight, but one where everybody had the winner the day before. This fight was the way life is, often intolerable and overwhelming, unsuspected, a letdown.

The handful of heavyweight title fights



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	34		X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
	35		X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
	36				X	X	X	X	X	X	X
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that have made good drama are the accidents of history. The Clay-Pattersons are the rule. The thing about prizefighting is that, while one man may win, the other man is not necessarily defeated. This is what makes it at all edifying, what it is all about. As Barney Ross has said—and, all right, it's corny—"A real fighter may lose the fight, but he's never defeated. A fighter is nature's nobleman." Says Cus D'Amato, "That's the beautiful thing about fighting, the courage and the valor displayed. That's why you buy a ticket—in the hope to see this, the best of man. The technique—that's intriguing, but it doesn't sell tickets." Izzy, a Vegas hairdresser, said it this way: "Patterson fought from the ground up. He fought with dust in his hands."

Nobody is saying it was a great fight, but it was history, a terrible reality. There is Angelo, who had written his prediction inside Clay's gloves—"M.A. [Muhammad Ali] K.O. 4"—dying in the corner in the 10th round and shouting, "A body shot, Ali. Hit him in the belly. There he is. See him. Come on. He can't even stand up. There he is. Ali. Ali, just let him fall down. Let him fall down." Later he said, "It wasn't one of his better fights. I expect greatness from him every time out. His best was the Doug Jones fight, because he proved his worth. His second best was the second Liston fight, because he took command, he realized his greatness. His third best was the first Liston fight, when he was like Columbus seeking the way.

"This time he aggravated me, but I was never worried. There were so many openings." Which brings to mind something Floyd said following the fight: "You see a lot of things in the ring. Taking advantage of them, that's the hard part." And, as Clay told Angelo between rounds, "Take him out? Take who out? You're not in there." Clay may not always listen to Angelo or do what he says, but he knows Angelo is always looking to help him. For example, just before the fight Angelo told Clay to be careful of the ring apron because it was very narrow. A little thing, but important for somebody like Clay who perilously works with the ropes at his back.

Despite the critics' gratuitous knocks, most people are coming to appreciate Clay's undeniable virtuosity. There are still a few—Billy Conn, for one—who persist in saying he fights like an amateur, to which Clay serenely replies: "Say what you want. I can't punch, I hold my guard too low, I lean back. But I'm still here." It is just because he is here, nearly unanimously acclaimed as a fighter of extraordinary ability, that it is so painful to witness his (naive?) debasement of the sport. Who needs it? Certainly not Cassius, the uncommon Clay.

Patterson has said, "Once the bell rings and all the lights go out, I don't know if my opponent is white or colored." This degree of depersonalization is too much, but it is not out of line with whatever ideals the game still has. You are not out there to beat a specific human being; it is not supposed to make any difference at all whether you like or dislike him as a

continued



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person. He is just an opponent, somebody in your way. That is where Clay went wrong. He was getting even, expressing an animus and, by way of excuse, he said that Patterson had started it. If so, he should have risen above it. Even later, while ostensibly lauding Floyd, Clay was giving him the works: "In the eyesights of the world," he said at a press conference, "you're considered a good, clean American boy and I'm a bad Muslim. You should never work a day in your life. If you're down to your last dime the government should give you money—I know they won't. It would be a shame if you ended up scuffling."

In his way Patterson answered Clay while lying in the bedroom in the Dunes: "I'm convinced now that deep down inside Clay's a good person. Every now and then something good will seep through. I think—I'm older than Clay—if I had seen him someplace without a soul around and we took a walk, had lunch or dinner together, if we taped our conversation, the world would be shocked."

A lot of the hostility Clay provokes results from his devotion to the Muslims. "They've stolen my man's mind," says his wife Sonji, from whom he is seeking an annulment. "I love him. I'll never give him up, because he loves me." And Clay has admitted he is forsaking Sonji, "the only one I love," because of his religion. In unguarded moments the Muslims like to speak of the beauty of a prominent black man's bitterness, and when it shows signs of losing its edge they condemn him as a traitor. Clay is in no danger of such opprobrium. He has abandoned his once grandiose dreams of owning palatial apartment houses and tomato-red Cadillacs, and when pressed to say what he will do with his money he mutters something about building an Islamic Foster Home and "raising all them cute children." He says: "I used to be confused like most American black men. Negro—that's a name meaning dead. I used to want to be anything but black. I'd smoke once in a while, take a beer, pour whiskey in my Coke and I was about to try out reefers when I listened to our leader, the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, that itty-bitty man."

Clay no longer fights merely for himself. "He whips himself up with this racial business," says a man close to Clay, "and when he gets in the ring he is not

in there against a black man but against the entire white race."

Elijah got the word from a man using the name of Wallace D. Fard, who visited him in the early '30s and was, in reality, a manifestation of Allah. Elijah is fond of saying that Allah is not "a spook God, but a man." Clay relates how Master Fard stayed with Elijah and his missus for three and a half years, Mrs. Muhammad ironing his handkerchiefs, and was never known to sleep. Elijah used to spy on him through the keyhole of his bedroom door, and Fard, his back to him, would say, "Why don't you come in?"

According to Elijah's teachings, whites —from whom monkeys are descended— were created some 6,000 years ago by Mr. Yakub, a microscopist who was born with "an unusual size head," so that when he grew up he was called "the big head scientist." Because of his diabolical experiments Mr. Yakub, accompanied by 59,999 followers, was deported from Mecca to an Aegean island where he selectively bred the white race.

Although this version of prehistory is not widely accepted in Mecca itself, Clay believes it wholeheartedly—or so it seems He also believes, with equal certitude, that he is unbeatable. Certainly there are not many fighters around who can refute—or even dispute—his claim. One who may get a chance is Ernie Terrell, whom Clay calls The Giraffe. Indeed, Terrell, with his immense reach and tough jab, might make a fight of it for seven or eight rounds, but he has a tendency to fold thereafter and to grapple tediously. However, the Louisville Group says Terrell will not get the shot unless he divests himself of his adviser, Bernard Glickman, an old associate of Frankie Carbo and other mustache guys.

In the expectation that Terrell will not be available, the Group (which could dwindle, since several of its members are fed up with Clay's antics), through its spokesman Angelo Dundee, is manfully building up 1) Doug Jones, whom Angelo, with a straight face, calls "a fast-paced little man, a pressure fighter," 2) a German, Karl Mildenberger, the European champion, who Angelo says is undefeated—which is untrue, but what is true is that in a recent fight he was knocked down three times by a former Clay sparring partner—and 3) Brian London. *Brian London!*

Will they all be Clay pigeons? **END**





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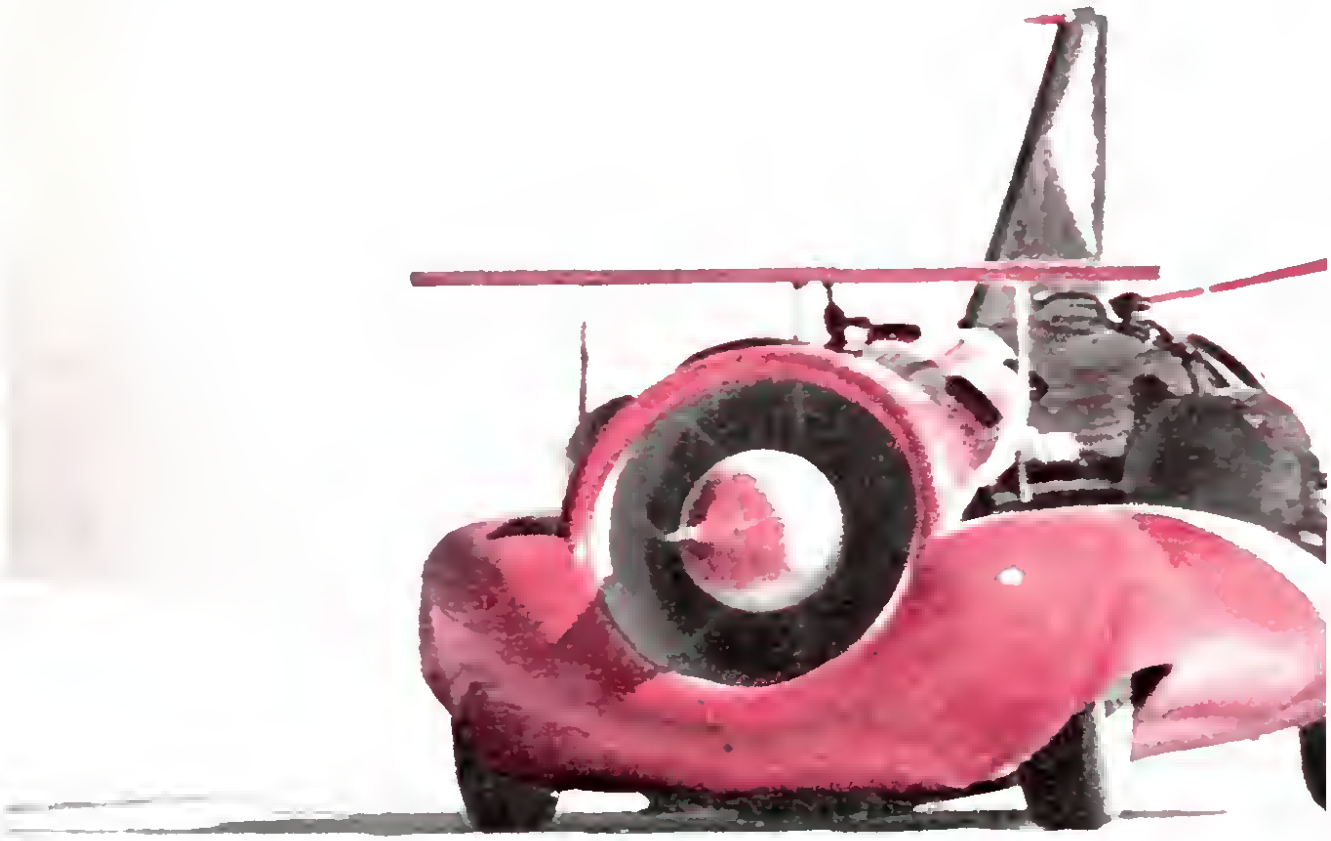
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ENEMIES IN SPEEDLAND: PART II

DUEL ON THE SALT

On Bonneville's lunar landscape Arthur Arfons saw his brother Walter attack the world land-speed record with rockets—and fail. He saw Craig Breedlove jet out ahead. Then Art roared back in his ugly-beautiful 'Green Monster' (below), and thrice he kissed her

BY JACK OLSEN





CONTINUED

The mecca of straightaway land speed is 200 square miles of shimmering, crystalline salt as white as fresh snow and as inviting as Transylvania. The Bonneville Salt Flats are the ultimate improbability in western Utah's bizarre tapestry of the unexpected and the outlandish. The army lobs shells and mortars into this violated earth. The Air Force bombs and strafes it. Salt companies hack at the surface. Miners chip away bits and pieces. Driving 120 miles west from the relative normalcy of Salt Lake City to the Bonneville outpost town of Wendover, you get the feeling that the two-lane shoulderless highway is taking you straight to the moon. At first the entire landscape consists of yellow, alkaline earth tufted only lightly by vegetation on which small pods of white-faced Herefords and cow ponies struggle to make a living. Soon the admonitions begin to appear along the right-of-way: DESERT AHEAD, DON'T RUN OUT OF GAS. FILL YOUR WATER BAGS. WATCH FOR SLEEPY DRIVERS. And then, almost without notice, the beige soil with its cover of sagebrush hanging on for dear life has suddenly given way to a blinding-white surface of salt on which there is not even a tumbleweed to tumble along. The only relief from the flat alkalinity of the landscape is an occasional sign, an enticement for the traveler: HAROLD'S CLUB. MORE FUN THAN EVER . . . SEE THE GOLD COIN COLLECTION. . . . ONE OF WORLD'S LARGEST POLAR BEARS . . . LIVE BOBCAT! and, finally, a dozen miles from the Nevada border a large sign that announces: THIS IS THE WORLD'S FASTEST RACING COURSE BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS. DO NOT ENTER UNLESS POLICED. You do not enter unless policed because you might get lost, and if you get lost on the salt flats you might suffer serious consequences. The intrepid frontiersmen of the Donner Party entered the flats in 1846 and lost so much equipment and so many of their animals that the rest of their journey was doomed. Their pathetic artifacts and wheel ruts are still visible at the north end of the salt.

The salt bed itself is a geological freak, the result of special conditions that are duplicated in only a few other places in the world. In a word, the salt flats are the bottom of a drainless bathtub. Spring runoff comes spilling down the surrounding mountains, carrying with it the salts it has leached out of the earth. The water spreads over the flats and lies there till the sun has evaporated it, leaving the salts behind. Tens of thousands of years of this process have produced a solid surface of caked salt crystals ranging from less than an inch to five feet thick, so flat that it may vary in altitude as little as two inches in a mile, so hard that it will blunt ordinary shovels and picks and so vast that people have been known to suffer severe attacks of agoraphobia while trying to drive across it. "Bonneville is sort of an eerie place," says Arthur Arfons, one of the two feuding brothers who come annually to the salt flats to tilt at the world's land-speed record. "You feel all alone when you're on the salt. You look down that emptiness and it's just eerie as hell. It makes me uneasy." The eeriness is not lessened by the peculiar optical effects caused by the dazzling whiteness of the salt in bright sunlight. Surrounding mountains seem to float on bands of white glare, and automobiles speeding across the flats are mirrored in the surface so that they appear to be running on top of themselves. Wheels look elliptical, as in poorly drawn cartoons, and sometimes cars seem to take off and sail 30 feet above the salt.

Each fall, when the speed set assembles at Bonneville, a sort of Hooverville springs up, consisting of impromptu garages, tents for shade, chemical outhouses proudly installed and emblazoned "Tooele County," timing sheds trailered out by the U.S. Auto Club and dozens of parked airplanes and cars. One of Bonneville's more exciting optical effects sometimes is seen by racers circling on the 10-mile closed course marked out in the salt; an image of the entire shantytown pops up smack in front of the car and, until one becomes accustomed to it, the tendency is to swerve sharply away from the illusion. The famous Bonneville driver, Ab Jenkins, making one of his patented marathon runs on the closed course, saw the Hooverville suddenly coming up ahead of him at 160 miles an hour, and not until someone blinked a spotlight at him did he realize that he was approaching the real thing. He veered off, missed a parked car by inches and went into a 1,500-foot spin. Cars and motorcycles taking cracks at various speed records on the salt's 10-mile straightaway have been known to skid for miles, sometimes sliding right over the horizon and out of sight. Nothing is underplayed at Bonneville.

The pilgrims who come to this never-never land are so dedicated to the craft of speed as to be almost drudgelike. If there were a composite salt-flats habitué, he would be quiet, soft-spoken, calm, friendly; he would smoke and drink in moderation, and he would spend 16 hours a day tinkering with his car. As Jim Tice, president of the American Hot Rod Association and a veteran Bonneville observer, puts it: "We've got a fine type of people. The only trouble is, nobody knows it yet. Everybody thinks of hot rodders and drag racers as juvenile delinquents, which is exactly what they're not. They haven't got time." Even the expletives of the racers are disconcertingly tepid. When Craig Breedlove lost control of his $200,000 car this year and teetered almost to the edge of the Valley of the Shadow, he climbed out of the cockpit muttering, "Goldarn. Go*ldarn!*" When the Summers brothers' long, low *Goldenrod* jammed in third gear and burned some vital hardware, washing out months of preparation, Driver Bobby Summers stomped around saying, "*Nuts!*" The Arfons brothers, Walter and Arthur, have been known to use somewhat stronger language, but one of Arthur's favorite words is "darn," and Walter says, "My golly," when the tension becomes unbearable. The brothers are not likely to use harsher language except when talking about each other.

Within the close-knit club of Bonneville racers there was happiness last year when Walter and Arthur Arfons met in tearful embrace after Walter's *Wing-*

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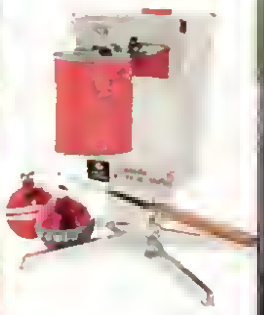
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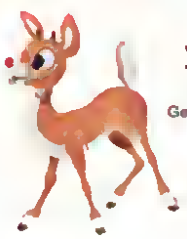
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foot Express, sponsored by Goodyear, set a new land-speed record of 413.20 mph. For long years the brothers had feuded, speaking rarely and then only when it was absolutely unavoidable, and their personal antagonism had been a sour note in an otherwise friendly and fraternal sport. But now the feud was ended; Walter happily trucked his record-breaking *Wingfoot Express* toward Akron, and Arthur readied his own *Green Monster* for an attack on his brother's record. Nobody took Arthur too seriously. He had been hacking around the salt flats for several years with his homemade *Green Monster*, and he had never hit 400.

But three days after Walter's record, Arthur drove his jet-powered car 434.02 on two runs across the measured mile at Bonneville, riding out a blown tire in the process and taking the world land-speed record away from Brother Walter. Arthur was carried off by members of his crew, several of whom were crying unashamedly.

Walter Arfons was driving his truck through the mountains of Wyoming when he heard the news that Arthur had broken his record. He rushed to a phone. "I was just as glad for him as he'd been for us," Walter remembers. "I'd have felt hurt if someone else had set the record besides him and I. So I called him and I congratulated him and my whole crew congratulated him. He was so pleased he called our mother in Florida and told her about the call."

But as Plutarch observed in *Moralia: On Brotherly Love*:

> When brothers have once broken the bonds of nature, they can come together again only with difficulty, and even if they do, their reconciliation bears with it a filthy hidden sore of suspicion.

Says Arthur Arfons:

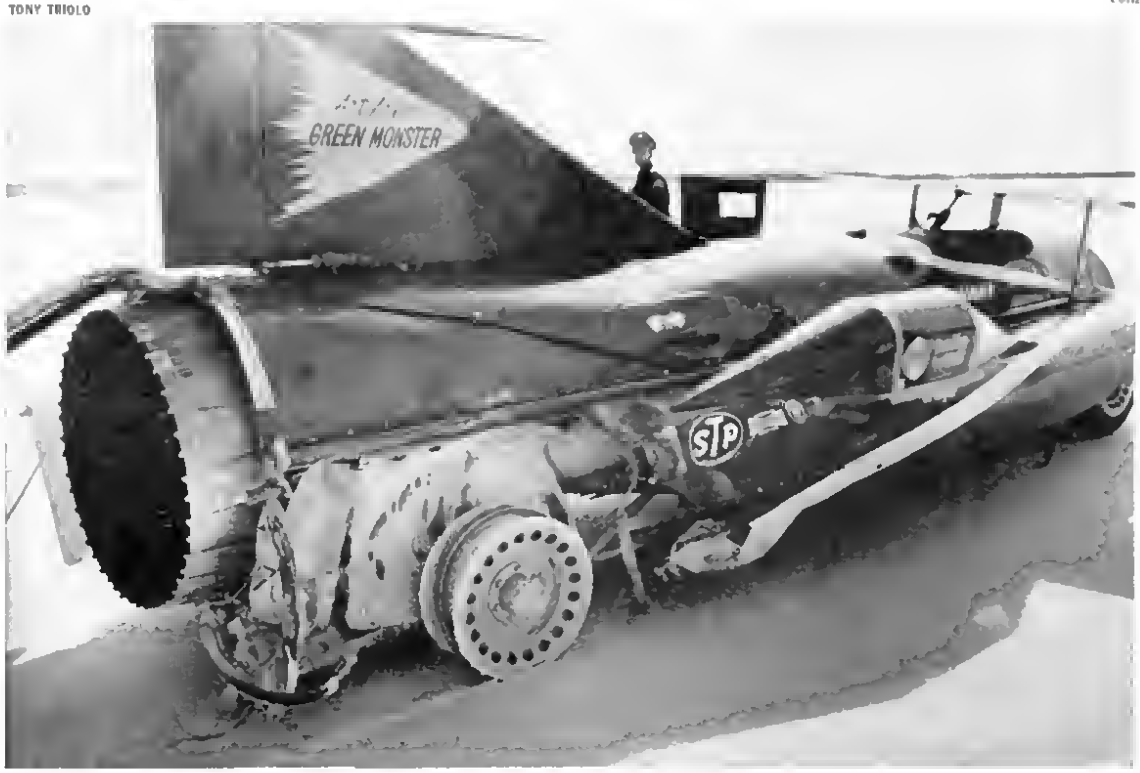
"After we'd made up and all, he just turned right around and did me some real dirty tricks right after we'd left Bonneville, and I thought, 'Well, I've made up with you for the last time.' I'll tell you one little dirty thing he done. I'd been buying fill dirt to build up a low spot by my garage, and when I come home from the salt I discovered he'd been having a basement dug for his new house and he had dumped about 50 loads of dirt *across the street from me*. And I would have paid him, paid him for the dirt and the hauling! Yet he hates me that much, that he would take and haul it over to a neighbor. And I tell you, it's something small, but it's the principle of the thing, and it just burnt me no end."

Walter's explanation is simple: "I didn't even know he wanted dirt."

Within a few days of his return to Akron, Arthur's attention was diverted back to the salt flats. Craig Breedlove, a 27-year-old California hot rodder sponsored by Goodyear and Shell, had driven his three-wheeled *Spirit of America* through the official clocks at 468.72 to break Arthur's record. Then the gritty Breedlove, who drives in boxer-type athletic shoes and an oxygen mask and runs his operation like a Cecil B. DeMille production, upped his own record to 526.28 mph, wrecking his racer but

continued

TONY TRIOLO



Although crippled and scarred by the 600-mph tire blowout that climaxed its lost record run, Green Monster *rolled to a safe stop. Art Arfons felt the blowout as "a big concussion," but he "wasn't scared."*



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becoming the first person ever to be timed over 500 in a wheeled vehicle on land.

Back to the salt came Arthur Arfons and his crazy mixed-up, red-nosed *Green Monster*, described by some as the ugliest land-speed car in the world, for one last crack before the snows set in. "The night before my runs," Arfons says, "I got really shook. There was this guy standing in front of the Wendover Cafe with his big dog, and I overheard him say something about 'that guy that really got splattered on the salt last year, and my dog helped clean him up!' He almost turned my stomach."

On the second of his two speed runs the next day, Arthur Arfons blew a tire again, this time at a speed estimated at 600-plus. Explained Harold (Humpy) Wheeler of the sponsoring Firestone team: "The *Green Monster*'s engine has a tremendous torque [twist] when Art cuts in that afterburner, and it throws more than half the weight of the car on that right rear tire. There isn't a tire made that can stand that kind of a load at 600 miles an hour, and to make things worse he hasn't got any suspension back there to cushion the load. But blowouts don't bother Art. He knew exactly what to do because for the last 10 years this guy's been running up and down drag strips faster than anybody and accelerating to more total G forces than anybody else. So he didn't panic. He hit the 'kill' button on his steering wheel; this shut down the engine and he coasted to about 500 miles an hour. Then he popped his first chute, and it went all to pieces and jerked the car real bad. He just held onto the steering till the car straightened out, and then he popped the other chute at about 400 and it tore in two, but it slowed him down and at 350 he hit the brakes and burned them out, and he just rode it down on three wheels."

While Arfons and his crew members were standing around mourning the damage to the *Green Monster*, a timer announced that the car had averaged 536.71 for another new land-speed record, the fifth within a month. With the first storm clouds of winter already marching across the western skies, Walter Arfons hurried back to the salt from

continued

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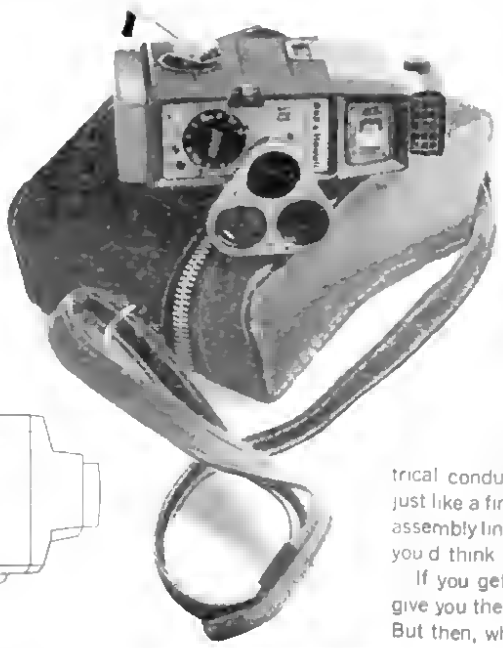
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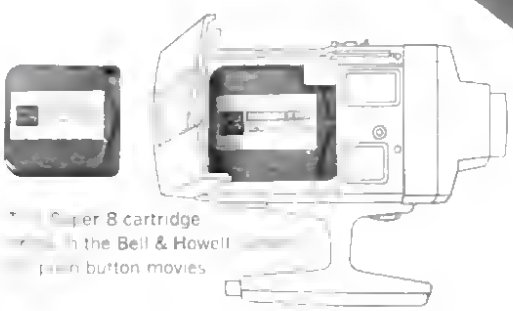




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HEAD

Akron with his jet-powered *Wingfoot Express*, now augmented by three JATO (jet-assist takeoff) rockets, to regain the record for Goodyear. But heavy *rains shut him down, and he returned* to the little shop on Pickle Road in Akron to build a wholly new car for the 1965 attempts. Brother Arthur, richer by a $25,000 reward from Firestone, went to work patching up the *Green Monster* in his own garage a few feet away from Walter's. Firestone took full-page ads proclaiming: "Art Arfons Sets New Land Speed Record. 536.71 M.P.H. Again Proving the Superiority of FIRESTONE THE GREATEST TIRE NAME IN RACING." The text observed, "Riding on Firestone Tires, Art Arfons broke the world's land speed record for the second time in a month. . . . Again, the superiority of Firestone Tires was proved in this torturing test of tire safety and endurance just as it was in this year's Indianapolis 500-mile Sweepstakes. . . ."

A documentary movie, *Challenge*, full of menacing music and a high-powered narration punched out by the late Everett Sloane, reinforced the legends about Arthur Arfons and enlisted a Hollywood bit player to dub for Arthur's Peeperish voice. ("The pitch of his voice didn't lend itself to the dramatic situation," said one of the film-makers.) While Firestone logotypes danced across the movie like snakes in a Fellini fantasy, the narrator intoned such passages as:

> Just about everything had gone into [the *Green Monster*'s] making. . . . But most of all, pure sweat. For she was built with pure determination and ingenuity. But mostly she was a labor of love and faith. And now finally she was ready to go. And go fast. But would she?

The *Green Monster* went fast, and she did not blow any more tires in the movie than she had in the newspaper ads.

All through last winter and spring, while Firestone's publicity campaign continued, there were rumors about the cars the two brothers were readying for the new year. Goodyear was said to be in

continued

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a state of corporate apoplexy over the land-speed record and wanted it back whatever the cost. One could understand the annoyance. As a Goodyear spokesman reviewed the 1964 racing season at Bonneville: "Every time we scheduled a press conference to exploit a new land-speed record on Goodyears, Art Arfons'd go out and break our record for Firestone. Every time we'd run a big ad about a record, Art'd break our record while the ad was still on the streets. It made us look silly and it made us mad, especially when you consider that Art blew tires twice and we never had a trace of tire trouble on our own runs. They had the trouble and as a reward they get one year of good publicity. We had no tire trouble at all and we get one year of zip, nothing."

Meanwhile, the cause of Goodyear's anxiety puttered about his windowless garage in Akron, appearing to be busy on some secret new project with which to bug the opposition in the new season. In actual fact, Arthur Arfons was changing the *Green Monster* hardly at all, except for a snazzy needle nose that was more gimmicky than functional. "Why should I change her?" Arthur said privately to friends. "She's already done 600, and that was on half power!" Arthur's relationship with the car had become a close one. He feminized the *Green Monster* and described it the way some men describe Queens of the May. "I think she's the prettiest, most streamlined car ever built," he said in his soft voice. "When you called her the ugliest car ever built [SI, March 15, 1965], I sit down and cried a week when I read that." A passage in *Art Arfons, Fastest Man on Wheels*, an authorized biography, reads:

> "Ed," said Art, as he admired the car, "I think you should show your gratitude to our little car."
>
> "What are you talking about?"
>
> "I mean I want you to give the car a big kiss."
>
> "Art," Ed [Snyder] joked, "I know you've been working hard. Perhaps the strain . . .?"

continued

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"Old Rarity, you say."

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"Clear, you say."

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"Islay, you say?"

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"Mmmm."

"One thing more, Watson, which makes my deductions inconvertible. Look over there by the bookcase and tell me what you see."

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"Don't worry. I'm feeling fine. This is the baby that's going to get us that record, and she's the most beautiful thing in the world."

"Sure, Art, sure."

"Well, then go ahead. Kiss it."

"But Art . . ."

"Kiss it."

From then on Art insisted that his crew give the car a kiss each day. To an outsider it would have seemed strange behavior indeed for grown men. But to Art it was as natural as kissing one's own child.

The car that excited all this osculatory activity is one that, at first study, would not arouse the ordinary person to a peak of wild-animal lust. In essence, the *Green Monster* is a speedy tube, a J-79 jet engine (the same engine that powers the Hustler bomber and F-104 Starfighter) mounted on four wheels. The high tail fin has the grace and flow of a Curtiss Condor; the hydraulically operated "wing" in the front has the aerodynamic characteristics of a flat rock, and the cockpit controls look like they were assembled by the freshman class in electric shop at the Jones Jr. High in Toledo. The front axle came from a 1937 Lincoln with 1951 Dodge truck kingpins, the rear axle from a 1947 Ford truck. The shocks, brake pedal and instruments were cannibalized from scrapped airplanes. The total cost to Arthur was under $10,000, counting $5,000 for the engine, and Firestone put up $50,000 worth of tires and wheels. "Cardboard and tape's what really holds her together," Arthur explained glibly. At a New York press conference last year after the *Monster* had broken the land-speed record for the second time, he was asked what kind of steering was in the car.

"'55 Packard," he said.

There was a silence, and then a reporter from a scientific magazine asked: "What process did you go through, what calculations did you make and what data did you compile that led you to use this unusual type of steering?"

Arthur answered, "Well, it's the only thing I had in the backyard."

Someone else asked why the car had less than two inches' clearance under the

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front. "If I'd made her any higher," Arfons said, "I wouldn't have been able to get her in my bus."

"He is strictly a backyard operation," says Goodyear's Dick Hoskins with mingled admiration and annoyance. "You should see him. They'll take a great big piece of metal and put it against a tree with Art on one end and somebody else on the other end, and they'll bend it to shape."

Says Firestone's Wheeler: "He even tests that jet engine in the backyard. You can't conceive of it unless you've seen him do it. At first, he'd strap it to two big trees. He burned out a 60-foot channel in his woods that way, and he blew a chicken house right off the face of the earth. He's the coolest guy I've ever seen in my life. When he's got that engine going on afterburner in his backyard, and I'm 50 feet away, I'm scared to death that it's gonna blow to pieces—they do sometimes, you know—and he's right up alongside it making adjustments."

While all the noise was going on at Arthur's shop, Walter Arfons was patiently working away in his own garage on a 1965 speed car designed to knock the *Green Monster* out of the box. "Arthur's smart, he's very, very smart," Walter said to a friend. "He's much smarter than I am. But I think I can fabricate and build as well as he can." He set about proving his point with a Tom Swiftian rocket car designed to hit supersonic speeds with absolute safety. The new baby-blue *Wingfoot Express* was shaped like an arrow, with two front wheels side-by-side and almost touching and the rear wheels spread 13 feet apart to provide drag at the stern, a design aimed at making the car run a straight course without driver correction. Something like a dozen corporations were involved in the car, ranging from Goodyear, which footed most of the bill and designed wheels, tires, chutes and brakes, to Dzus Fasteners, which made some of the snaps holding the skin on the fuselage. Originally the aluminum was to come from Alcoa, but at the last minute the deal fell through and Walter turned to Reynolds for his car's skin. "That was my brother's doing," Walter told friends. "He called Alcoa and told them he

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wouldn't use their aluminum if they supplied me." The total cost of the new *Wingfoot Express*, including a 1913 dime inset into the steering wheel for luck, was $100,000. For their money, the sponsors had a car that was engineered to go 750 mph and take the land-speed record away from the so-called "junk operator" next door. Said the "junk operator" himself: "*Wingfoot Express*? They oughta call it the *Clubfoot Express*!"

Nevertheless Arthur Arfons stationed himself on the fringes of the crowd when the new car was unveiled to the public at the Akron-Canton Airport this summer. As in all confrontations of the brothers, there are two versions of what happened. Says Walter:

"I walked over to him to shake hands and he had his arms folded in front of him. I held my hand out there for at least a half a minute. Finally he had to take my hand because there was other people around. He was forced into it, and that's what I hate to see. I shook hands with him and I invited him over to see the car, and he said, 'I can see it good enough from here.' Then I tried to strike a conversation, but I couldn't, so I walked. He came over to the car later."

Says Arthur: "Walter can see me alone and look right through me like I'm not there, but if there's someone around that he can make an impression on, he'll wave and say, 'Hi, Art!' Then he'll come over and pump my hand just like we're long-lost brothers and he hadn't seen me for years. At the airport that day he just wanted to make an ass out of me, and he succeeded in front of a lot of people. He walked up all smiles and pumped my arm. It didn't mean a thing."

The *Wingfoot Express*, with racks for 15 rockets capable of 28,800 hp, stood poised like a wingless airplane at the end of the 10-mile straightaway at Bonneville. Driver Bob Tatroe, a handsome 28-year-old father of five from Grand Rapids, waited for a signal from Designer-Builder Walter Arfons to send the car off on a major test run, with eight rockets firing on blast-off and two more set to fire just inside the measured mile. Arfons' arm dropped and Tatroe shoved the button instantly; the car jumped into flaming motion with a sound like a giant whipcrack, but veteran Bonneville observers were unimpressed by the speed. "What's your airspeed show, Bob?" Arfons asked at the end of the run.

"Two ninety."

"Something's wrong."

The official speed through the measured mile was only 268 and, although the car was functioning on two-thirds of its available rocket power, the expectancy had been for a speed closer to 500. That night the brain trust assembled in Walter's motel room in nearby Wendover for the first of what proved to be several long sessions with slide rules and scratch pads. Four hours and two bottles of whiskey later, a spokesman said: "First of all it was a big surprise we only got 268 through the mile. It seemed like 450. Top was 290, a big disappointment. We'd already done the same speed with only seven rockets, and we did 120 with only two rockets. So obviously there's something wrong. We asked the mathematical experts to get together, the guys who figure out how many rockets we should use and how to stage them and where to begin the run and so forth. We went into the bathroom and got soap and had them draw on the mirror so they could explain what they were trying to do. We finally decided to take off the wheel pants. They're not needed below supersonic speeds, and this'll save 300 pounds. Obviously the car needs modifications. But remember, this is the world's first rocket car. We're writing our own history every time we run it."

On the next test run Tatroe fired all 15 rockets at the start and the *Wingfoot Express* accelerated quickly to a speed variously reckoned at between 485 and 520 mph. The disappointment hung like smog over the Goodyear camp. The mathematicians whipped out their slide rules and began checking their figures. A Goodyear spokesman announced to the press: "I was very pleased with today's run. Any time you get a car going 500 miles an hour as straight and as easy as that car does, you've really got something. The suspension is just beautiful, the steering is great, the brakes are absolutely unheard of, inconceivable, for a

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land-speed record car." He neglected to mention that the speed was too slow, and speed was the name of this particular game. Walter Arfons was more to the point. "It's pretty clear what's wrong," he said. "I built a heavy car. I built it too heavy. I built it safe. Every time I was putting in a brace or running a streamer through the body, I thought, 'Well, Mach 1, what's it gonna do to this car, everybody tells me it's gonna tear the car up, and I've got a man sitting up there that *depends* on me!' So I'd put another little brace in there, another little gusset, a little stronger here and there, and that's where I got my weight. But I've got a good safe-handling car."

Walter conferred with Chief Timer Joe Petrali of the U.S. Auto Club and asked if the club would approve the addition of 10 new rockets to the car, to be fired from vents drilled into the side of the body. "I don't see why that wouldn't be O.K.," said the ultracareful Petrali. The *Wingfoot Express* was taken back to the garage at Wendover, wrenches were hauled out, and the long job of rebuilding was begun. "Don't worry about the expense," a man from Goodyear told Walter, who had taken to his bed while his wife ministered to him. "It's his heart," said Gertrude Arfons. "It always comes on him after excitement. That's about the only reason I came out here. I felt that if something happened to the car, then something'd happen to Walter, and I didn't want him to be here alone."

Said Walter, heavily but calmly, "I'm gonna get the record broke."

While Walter remained registered in Room 159 of the Wend-Over Motel and oversaw the alterations to his rocket car, brother Arthur checked into Room 153, three doors away, for a week of his own on the salt. As usual, each acted as if the other were Red China. Passing in the courtyard of the motel or at the casino down the road or the Wendover Cafe, they looked over, above and beyond each other. "I'd like to say hello to him," said Walter, "but I'm afraid he'd embarrass me the way he usually does."

"I've tried to solve it," said Arthur, "because we're both gettin' old and why carry a fight like this to the grave? But he played me such dirty tricks the last time I just figured that was the end."

Arthur did nothing on the salt flats except set a new standing quarter-mile record of 258.62 mph, a Mickey Mouse accomplishment but one which helped to while away a week in which he figured there was no point in risking his life to break his own land-speed record.

Shortly after that Walter came back with 25 rockets mounted in the *Wingfoot Express*, enough to generate almost 50,000 hp, making his car the most powerful ever to attempt the land-speed record. Even the usually cool driver, the blond Tatroe, appeared edgy as the car was towed up to the starting line. Just before the scheduled time for ignition, Walter threw his arms around Tatroe, and the two held each other close before Tatroe spun away and climbed into the car, where Walter ran him through an



Moments after 576 mph run, Arfons receives congratulations from his brother's driver, Bob Tatroe (right)

umpteenth cockpit check. "Bobby knows those buttons better than Walter by now," said an onlooker, "but that's just like Walter to go through the whole routine again."

"Now remember to watch for the signal!" Walter shouted at Tatroe's helmet.

"Do I have to go then?" said Tatroe. "Or can I go when *I'm* ready?"

"Well, take two minutes after we give the signal," Walter said. To Dick Hoskins of Goodyear he said, "Two minutes

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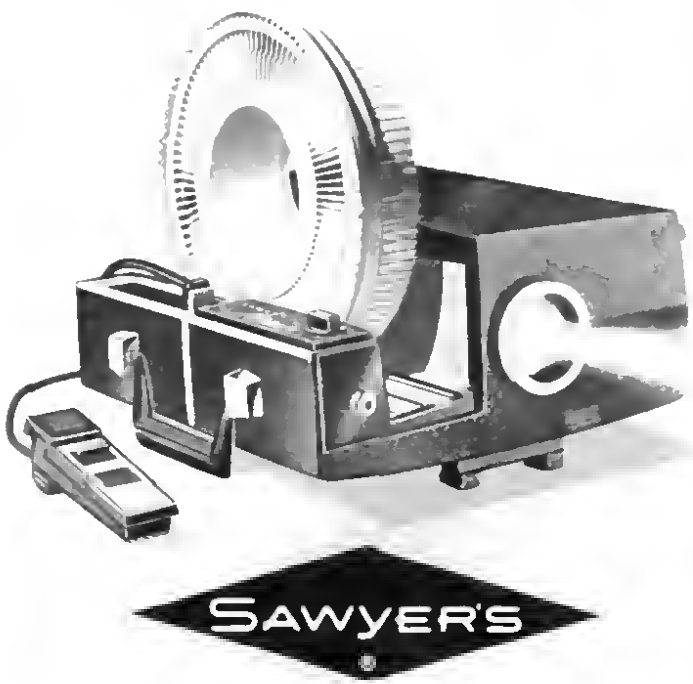
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ought to give him time to settle down." Walter and Hoskins ran for the chase car, and a small, nervous delegation of journalists and USAC officials backed far off to avoid the rocket exhaust. Hoskins waved his arm out the window of the chase Mustang, the signal for Tatroe to take off, and silence fell across the lonely salt flats. Exactly one minute later, orange-and-blue flames shot 30 feet out the tail of the car, a shock wave almost knocked the bystanders over, and Tatroe and the *Wingfoot Express* were off and gone over the salty horizon. Hoskins and Walter Arfons were the first to reach the car after the run and, by the time reporters and photographers arrived, Hoskins was walking head-down toward the sidelines, muttering, "There'll be no return ride. The car's destroyed." Some of the rockets had fired at both their ends—out the back and into the guts of the car simultaneously. The resulting blaze had burned most of the tail panels out and gutted the wiring inside. But Tatroe was unhurt and fully in accord with Walter Arfons, who quickly recovered his aplomb and said, "My golly, it's only the skin that's burnt, and we've got another wire harness all rigged up in reserve. We'll patch up and come back."

Several days later they did come back, and with 24 of the 25 rockets firing perfectly and the car handling like a new Porsche, the *Wingfoot Express* made the first of the two timed runs required for a record. At the end of the track Tatroe jumped from the cockpit and shouted at the crew hurrying up in a truck full of fresh rockets, "580! My airspeed was 580! Change the rockets! Let's go!" Walter drove up and Tatroe hollered to him, "I showed 580 on the airspeed!" The pair embraced hurriedly and began supervising the job of installing fresh rockets. Then a USAC official arrived from the timing shack and whispered something to Walter. "Leave it go!" Walter called to the crew.

"What d'ya mean, 'Leave it go!' " said Tatroe.

"We were clocked at 476 through the mile," Walter said. "Leave it go. It's no use." The last of the burned-out rocket cannisters was removed from the car

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(Goodyear had used up $60,000 worth of JATO bottles altogether), and the *Wingfoot Express* was prepared for the trip home. Now that Walter had failed, at least for 1965, everyone breathed easier, including Arthur Arfons' best friend and chief mechanic, Ed Snyder, who had said earlier: "If anybody breaks Art's record, especially if Walt breaks it, Art'll come back here and break it right back or he'll take his car home in little pieces." And reporters also remembered the words of Walter Arfons several weeks before: "If I didn't make the record I'd be glad because Arthur wouldn't have to push no more. I want to break the record. This is my life; this is what I chose, it's the only thing I know. But if I don't make the record, down deep I'm glad because I didn't have to push Arthur. I'm afraid for him. He'd throw all precautions to the wind. I wouldn't want nothing to happen to him."

Hardly a week of relaxed tensions had passed before Craig Breedlove, who had had nothing but trouble with his big new jet car all season, returned to Bonneville for a final try. Although Breedlove had held the land-speed record three times, and although his jet car was as powerful as the *Green Monster*, experts gave him little chance at the record, mostly because his *Spirit of America Sonic I* had a history of instability and also because it was frightfully big—"It's two foot longer than our bus," said an Arfons crew member laughingly. But Breedlove fooled everyone by shoving the world's land-speed record up to 555.-127, breaking the old mark by almost 20 mph, and then compounded the insult by propping his petite wife behind the wheel and watching her drive 308.56 for a new women's record, both for the greater glory of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.

Arthur Arfons was exhibiting the *Green Monster* in Las Vegas when a Firestone man broke the bad news. "O.K." said Arfons. "When can we go?" At dawn the next morning, Wednesday, November 3, he was on his way back to Bonneville.

Arthur and the *Green Monster* arrived at the salt flats on Thursday, prepared to run. He had assumed that Breedlove

continued

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and Goodyear, having set a new LSR, would be leaving the salt before their full week was up. He was wrong. Goodyear made it plain that they would stay on the flats till the last minute of their week. "They've heard there's a cold front coming in Sunday," an Arfons crew member complained, "and they think the snow'll shut us down." Firestone complained to the Bonneville Speedway Association, which assigns weeks on the flats. But Goodyear representatives were adamant; they said they wanted to run for other speed records. As a Goodyear spokesman remembered the conversation, "The guy from the Speedway Association said, 'All right, you contracted to break the land-speed record and you broke it. Now you have to get off the salt and let Arthur on.' But we argued that we had other things to do and that's when we quick began running Breedlove's wife, and we brought in a Shelby Cobra to set some closed-course records. We had to do something to tie up the salt."

On Saturday, the last day of Goodyear's official week, Breedlove and Tatroe made a 12-hour endurance run in the Shelby Daytona Cobra on the oval course at Bonneville, breaking 23 records and chopping up the international straightaway where Arthur was scheduled to make his LSR runs the next morning. Was this intentional? "It certainly was not!" said a Goodyear man. "I felt awful when I heard that we'd damaged the course."

"I don't know if they went out there with a dual purpose or not," said Chief Timer Petrali. "They could have. There's no way to tell."

Chief Mechanic Snyder was furious. "Last week the salt was all ours and we knew we weren't gonna use it, and we offered it to Breedlove on a Monday," Snyder said. "Now he ties up the salt all week and ruins our course. Well, let's go out there tomorrow and ruin it so *he* can't come back. We'll take the bus out there and plow it up for plantin'!"

Arthur Arfons said nothing except that he would run on the hot-rod course instead of the furrowed international

continued

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course. Normally, the hot-rod course was not as safe as the other, but now it would be the lesser evil. Arthur did not seem concerned one way or the other, but he ordered a guard to watch the *Green Monster* all night. "Watch everything out there, not just the car!" snapped Mechanic Bud Groff. "If somebody even takes our starter we're out of business." Arthur turned in before midnight, but as he confessed the next morning, "I woke up every hour and it took me a half hour to get back to sleep." Driving with Ed Snyder from the motel in Wendover to the salt flats as the sun rose the next morning, he did not say a word.

The weather had held clear, and Arthur was pure business as the car was prepared for a "warmup run." Charlie Mayenschein, jet-engine expert from Wright-Patterson A r Force Base who doubles as Arthur's engine mechanic, strolled by wearing his "Art Arfons 536.71 mph" T shirt. He had altered it to read, "636.71 mph." The parachute man, Jim Deist, patted Arthur on the back and said, "The chutes'll work, Art."

"If they don't," said Arfons, "you'll have to help clean out the cockpit."

Don Francisco, a hot-rod historian who covers the runs from the air each year, came up and offered to carry a fire extinguisher in his plane "in case you catch fire off the course where the cars can't get to you."

"Not a bad idea," said Arthur, "but it's a terrible thing to be thinking about."

Then the *Green Monster* was towed to the south end of the course for the "warmup run." "It ain't gonna be no warmup run," a member of the Arfons team confided. "You know how Arthur goes—'quick and dirty.' He'll run up and down that black line all day till he's got the record back or killed hisself."

Sitting in the cockpit, Arthur appeared relaxed, as always, but even quieter than usual as he checked over the instruments. Plugs in his ears and a heavy plastic helmet inhibited any last-minute exchanges as the canopy was dropped into place. And what do they say at this dramatic moment in the land-speed record business, when the lid is plopped down and everybody knows they may never see the driver alive again? What is the LSR

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equivalent of "Gentlemen, start your engines!" or "Play ball!" or "Captain Tomasek, meet Captain Frannistat"? Arthur just says, "O.K.," everybody runs like hell and "Whoosh!" The *Green Monster* is off, "quick and dirty," and out of sight within seconds.

Arthur hit the first timing clock showing 600 mph on his airspeed indicator, and when he realized he was traveling so fast he killed the engine and decelerated to an airspeed of 550 before breaking the electric eye at the second clock marking the end of the measured mile. His official average speed for the first leg turned out to be 575.72 mph, or more than enough to regain the record if he could repeat the performance on the return run. "The car wandered a little bit," Arthur said, "but I let her wander." It had also tended to become airborne, but "that automatic hydraulic wing slapped her back down on the salt with a thump I could feel in the cockpit."

Eight minutes before the end of the hour allotted by the timing officials for a legal return run, Arthur gunned the *Green Monster* into the measured mile again. He had hardly cleared the second clock at the end of the mile when the right rear tire, the same one that had failed in two previous record attempts, went off like a bomb, its 250 pounds of pressure blowing up tire and aluminum wheel in one fat blob of flame that could be seen four miles away. Now, for the third time in two seasons, Arthur Arfons had to fight a blowout at speeds in the 500–600 mph range. He remembered later: "I felt the blowout more than heard it. It was like a big concussion. The car dropped on the right corner and the cockpit filled up with smoke. I was blinded. I couldn't see the course. I popped open the canopy and the wind sucked the smoke right out, and the canopy slammed back and forth about four times, like a barn door slamming, and then it broke into pieces. I could see I was off course, and I almost lost it in some loose salt. She just about got too far to correct, and I was heading for the dike alongside the salt canal where Breedlove crashed last year. By the time I got her under control, I found out that I had no regular chute. When the tire exploded it wrecked the chute.

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So I popped the emergency chute and it held and after a while I stopped. No, I wasn't scared. I don't get scared."

When spectators reached the car, silent and smoking at the end of the course, Arthur was walking around it as though in a daze. "Son of a bitch!" he muttered over and over. The right rear tire and wheel and wheel housing were gone, the hydraulic wing was broken, the canopy was a total loss and the front of the car was scarred and buckled. "I drove over a surveyor's marker off the course," Arthur explained later. "It was a little piece of pipe, and I thought it had gone right through the engine and ruined it. That's what I was so upset about."

Now the crowd quieted as Chief Timer Petrali approached the gathering. Whatever the time, Arthur and the *Green Monster* were through for the year, and everybody knew it. "Five seven seven point three eight six," Petrali said simply, and a cheer went up from the crowd as Arthur, smiling shyly, was lifted to the shoulders of his crew members. "Hey, let me down!" he shouted after a few seconds. "I'll get hurt!" He kissed the *Green Monster* three times and playfully admonished the crewmen not to kiss the car this time—"Nobody else, fellows. I'm the one that loves her. She's good to me. I'm still here." Then he announced that the wounded car would be trucked back to Akron the next morning. "That's where she was born, so we'll take her back there," he said.

Nobody was admitting it, but the feeling in the victorious speed camp was that the *Green Monster* would never run again. Arthur already had a new car on the drawing boards—"a slingshot jet where I'll sit in the back, but I can't describe it any more than that or Brand X'll make one like it." And there were even hints that Arthur himself might emulate his brother Walter and leave the driving to others. He had lately spent a lot of time thinking about an ominous conversation earlier in the year with Smokey Yunick, the Indianapolis race mechanic and speed philosopher. "He shook me up no end," Arfons said. "I was sitting there watching a guy having a little trouble on

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the track at Indianapolis, and Smokey come over and sit down and he says, 'Just watch this,' and the guy'd go out and make a practice run and come back, and he'd say the car didn't feel right and it didn't handle right, and Smokey says, 'He's giving his mechanic all kinds of hell. He says he's got cockpit trouble. That man's too old to be driving that car, and he's finding everything at fault but himself.'

"And Smokey says, 'One of these days you're gonna go out to get in your car, and it ain't gonna feel right and the wind is blowin' or the salt is too wet.' And he's got me to thinkin' more than anybody. Next year I'll be 40 years old." The fastest man on earth paused thoughtfully. "Even you go to the woods and a young lion'll jump in and an old lion'll turn and walk away," he said. "That's self-preservation. I've gotta start thinkin' about things like that. Yes, sir, I've gotta start thinkin' about things like that."

A week later, while television commercials were trumpeting that Art Arfons had staked his life on Firestones, Craig Breedlove defied the weather and the probabilities and quietly returned to the salt flats for still another "absolute final" attempt of the year on the land-speed record. On the first day of his week it rained; on the second Breedlove sped 600.6 mph over the moist salt and took the record for the fifth time. The weather closed in almost at once. Chief Timer Petrali ordered USAC timing equipment hauled off the salt for the season, and the captains and the kings departed. "We've got the record for the year," said the cocky young Breedlove, "Now let's see if ex-King Arthur comes back."

Arthur said it would take several months to repair his car, and much longer to build a new one. He reckoned he would spend the winter months in his shop on Pickle Road in Akron, and when the snow and ice disappeared from western Utah, perhaps in the late spring, he would be back to run again. "I don't know," said Firestone's Humpy Wheeler. "They're going so fast now, something's bound to happen to somebody." Arthur said maybe that was so, but one old lion was not yet ready to turn and walk away. **END**

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In an otherwise jumpy world it is pleasant to reflect that one facet of life that seemed good and true to those of us nurtured in the Great Depression remains unaltered by the space age. That is the magazines that cater to the young fellow with an athletic, an adventurous or a moneymaking bent.

As fascinating as are the articles in these magazines, the advertisements have even more allure. Determined huskies, clad in leopard skins, smile out at the reader as of yore, urging him to trade in that scrawny body for one with rippling muscles calculated to scare the daylights out of the town bully.

But physical prowess is only one of the attractions of the ads which, a study of recent issues shows, are running virtually unchanged since the days when L. B.J. was a freshman in Congress. Economic success is the theme of many.

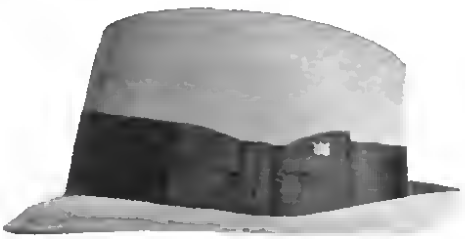
I dreamed of the fortune promised if I grew mushrooms in my cellar or chose to own my own printing business. How often I pleaded with my parents to let me raise hamsters, learn watch repairing or meat carving or be a railway mail clerk. Who knows to what dizzy heights I might have soared in the world of commerce had I not been saddled with shortsighted parents! But they would always shoot down each new enthusiasm by reminding me of the time I set out to Be The First In Your Neighborhood To Own A Daisy Air Rifle. All that was required was that I sell 36 packages of bluing, a product designed to do for washes what today's detergents are also designed to do. How was I to know that virtually every other kid for miles around was also determined to be the first in the neighborhood to get his mitts on an air rifle?

I started off with a bang. Mother took two packages of the bluing. Our next-door neighbor bought one. I began to feel like "Mr. J. G. of Baltimore," who was quoted in the ad as saying, "I sold six the first hour." Well, I sold three the

continued



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first day. And that's all I sold. I began to wonder how well J. G. would do in my town. Apparently people in Baltimore were more fussy about their washings, and certainly they were more considerate of young men trying to earn an air rifle.

What obviously had happened was that the law of supply and demand was working overtime. Our town had too large a supply of bluing salesmen in the face of no demand whatsoever. That's when the bluing company stepped in and advised me, in a formidable printed document with a gigantic red seal, that I had better send along the money for the 36 packages of bluing or Face Trial. It struck me that this communication lacked the warmth that had been implicit in the advertisement, and I wondered if maybe new owners had taken over the company since that friendly ad had been published.

My parents were indignant—not at the company, surprisingly, but at me. So back went my inventory of 33 packages, together with the money for the three I had sold. Shipping charges ate up my profit on the three I had sold and even nibbled into my 50¢ weekly allowance, but at least I didn't have to Face Trial.

With that shipment went my dream of being the first in my neighborhood to own that Daisy Air Rifle. However, this wasn't too keen a disappointment, because nobody in town sold enough bluing to earn one. We all went back to our homemade slingshots.

Yet one dream that persisted was to learn the Art of Self-Defense. The quick way was to study jujitsu (the In thing in today's ads is karate). I remember one ad with the unforgettable headline I Broke His Hand like a Match. It showed a skinny guy being set upon by a big bruiser. What the bruiser didn't know was that the skinny guy had mastered the Art of Self-Defense. Every time I read that ad I could hear the crunching of bones and picture the horrified look on that villain's face as he went sprawling in the dirt.

I never did get to sign up for the course, but I think I know how J. G. of Baltimore got to sell all that bluing so easily. Before he set out on his rounds he signed up for that course in the Art of Self-Defense. Who could say no to an expert in jujitsu?

—J. NORMAN MCKENZIE



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Hartford — Ray Tasker Bicycle Service
Torrington — Schroeder Equipment Company
Winstead — Valley Cycle Shop

MAINE
Augusta — McFarland Seles Company, Inc.
Bangor — Grants Trailer Sales, Inc.
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Sunapee — Osborne Marine
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Haskell — Waneque Supply Company
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Islip, L.I. — Marian's Lawn Mower & Bicycle Shop
Ithaca — Pine Valley Motors
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Johnstown — Van Der Veer's Service
LeRoy — F. W. Bickford, Inc.
Little Falls — Rosie's Sales & Rental
Little Valley — Merow Bros.
Lockport — Lederhaus Atlantic Service
Milton — Strong Farm Machinery Company
Montgomery — Manzari Auto & Boating Center
Newport — Robert J. Carney
New Rochelle — Bekey Merine, Inc.
New York — Abercrombie & Fitch Company
New York — Tom Donohue Golf
Niagara Falls — Bob's Cycle & Certs
North Chile — Kenneth Pummer
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Pine Island — Ray Bros.
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Rome — Ulricks Merine
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Sodus — Sno Gras Equipment Company
South Wales — Valley Wide Seles & Service
Syracuse — West Genesee Seles
Thendore — Hudon & DeCamp
Utice — Inland Marine Sporting Supply Co.
Vestal — Hoadley Travel Trailer Sales
Walerlown — C & M Jiger Co., Inc.
Wellsville — Whelpley Implement Company
Westfield — Rommell & Sons
West Leydon — Chester Kwasniewski Sales
West Seneca — Schaub Tool Rental
Whitesboro — Cameron Snowmobiles, Ltd.
Woodridge — Cushman Mid Hudson Sales

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown — Maurer Lawn Mower & Snow Blower Sales & Service
Allentown — Al Schierer
Berwick — Fuller's Harley Davidson Sales & Serv.
Coudersport — Coudersport Agency
East Stroudsburg — Ray Hartmann & Sons
Erie — White Outboard Marine
Girard — Miller's Farm & Garden Supply
Harbor Creek — Dick Coo's Cycle Shop
Havertown — Jones Mower & Equipment Co.
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Honesdale — Dietterich's Farm Equipment
Hummelstown — Indian Echo Caverns
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Spring City — Gravely Tractor Agency
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How Herb Stephens (who couldn't save a cent) paid off a 12-year mortgage in less than 5 years

Herb Stephens of Dayton, Ohio, is a great booster of buying U. S. Savings Bonds on the Payroll Savings Plan. For several reasons.

Herb has been on the Plan for a number of years. In that time he has used his Bond savings for a down payment on a new home, and then paid off his 12-year mortgage in less than 5 years.

Saving on the Payroll Plan is a real boon for people who find it hard to save at all. You simply tell your payroll office to set aside a small amount each payday toward a Bond. You don't see the money so you don't miss it.

"I don't think I could save money any other way," says Herb, who is still on the Payroll Plan, saving for his children's education.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA BOSTON (14-5) ran its undefeated streak to five games with three in a row and gained its accustomed spot at the top of the Eastern Division. High-scoring Sam Jones hurt his leg and played only one quarter all week. But it didn't seem to matter as the Celtics scored 42 points in the first quarter in beating the Knicks 125–110, scored 41 in the last quarter to crush the Pistons 134–114 and, with Bill Russell throwing in 28 points and pulling down 35 rebounds, defeated the Lakers 101–95. CINCINNATI (14–6) slipped half a game behind the Celtics with three wins and a loss, and PHILADELPHIA (12–7) dropped two games off the pace with two wins and a loss. Disappointing NEW YORK (6–15) lost two to the Royals and one each to the Warriors and the Celtics to extend its winless streak to five games. Elgin Baylor sat out the week after reinjuring his right knee as LOS ANGELES (14–9) boosted its Western Division lead to three games with two wins, two losses, while second-place SAN FRANCISCO (11-12) dropped three out of five despite Guy Rodgers' 175-point total. ST. LOUIS (8–10) won two and lost three, BALTIMORE (10-15) split four games and DETROIT (6-16) broke a nine-game losing streak with a 118–115 victory over the Royals. The Pistons made it two straight by beating the Bullets 130–124 before reverting to form with losses to the Celtics and the Lakers.

BOWLING—DAVE DAVIS, a left-hander from Phoenix, Ariz., rolled games of 212, 279 (nine straight strikes) and 190 for a 681 total to become the national PBA champion. He beat Jerry McCoy in the championship final held in Detroit.

FOOTBALL—NFL CLEVELAND won the Eastern Division title for the second year in a row when Jimmy Brown, held to 19 yards in seven carries in the first half, rushed 13 times for 128 yards and scored four touchdowns in the second half to wallop Pittsburgh 42–21. Gale Sayers scored on runs of 45 and 15 yards to set an NFL season record for touchdowns (14) by a rookie, as CHICAGO moved within a game of second in the West by beating New York 35–14 *(page 97)*. Dallas led WASHINGTON 31–20 with less than four minutes remaining when Sonny Jurgensen, who completed 26 out of 42 passes for 411 yards overall, led the Redskins on drives of 64 and 80 yards for two TDs and a 34–31 win. PHILADELPHIA beat St. Louis 28–24 as Pete Retzlaff caught the last of his three touchdown passes from Norm Snead with two minutes to go. The Giants, Cards and Redskins were all tied for second in the East with 5-6 records. Johnny Unitas had to throw two touchdown passes in the fourth quarter to salvage a 24–24 tie for Western Division leader BALTIMORE in its Thanksgiving Day game with DETROIT. But the Colts lead was nudged to 1½ games when Roman Gabriel, replacing injured Bill Munson at quarterback for LOS ANGELES, completed 15 passes for 255 yards, and Bruce Gossett kicked four field goals to lead the last-place Rams to a 21–10 upset over second-place Green Bay. The victory broke an eight-game losing streak for L.A. John Brodie tossed five touchdown passes as SAN FRANCISCO routed Minnesota 45–24 and leaped from sixth to fourth.

AFL. BUFFALO tied Western Division leader SAN DIEGO 20–20 on a last-second field goal by Pete Gogolak, but won the Eastern title when last-place BOSTON beat second-place New York 27–23 on Babe Parilli's two-yard touchdown pass to Tony Romeo with 54 seconds left. KANSAS CITY tied idle Oakland for second in the West, with a crushing 52–21 defeat of Houston.

The two professional leagues held their annual draft of college players on the same day in New York City and, after 18 hours and 17 minutes, the AFL picked 253 players in 28 rounds, while the NFL took 30 hours and 50 minutes to draft 305 players in 20 rounds. The select players picked by both leagues in either their first or second rounds were JIM GRABOWSKI, Illinois fullback, Green Bay and Miami; TOMMY NOBIS, Texas linebacker, Atlanta and Houston; JERRY SHAY, Purdue tackle, Minnesota (signed) and Denver; RICK NORTON, Kentucky quarterback, Cleveland and Miami; DON DAVIS, Los Angeles State tackle, New York and San Diego; STAN HINDMAN, Mississippi tackle, San Francisco and Houston; SAM BALL, Kentucky tackle, Baltimore (signed) and New York; FRANCIS PEAY, Missouri tackle, New York and Kansas City; NICK RASSAS, Notre Dame defensive back, Atlanta and San Diego; JIM LINDSEY, Arkansas halfback, Minnesota and Buffalo. Some first-round selections who were signed immediately were TOM MACK, Michigan tackle, Los Angeles; RANDY BEISLER, Indiana defensive end, Philadelphia; JOHN NILAND, Iowa guard, Dallas; GALE GILLINGHAM, Minnesota tackle, Green Bay; RANDY JOHNSON, Texas A&I quarterback, Atlanta; DICK LEFTRIDGE, West Virginia fullback, Pittsburgh; JERRY JONES, Bowling Green tackle, Atlanta; BILLY YEARBY, Michigan tackle, New York Jets; AARON BROWN, Minnesota end, Kansas City and RODGER BIRD, Kentucky halfback, Oakland.

The HAMILTON TIGER-CATS defeated the Winnipeg Blue Bombers 22–16 to win the Grey Cup, the championship of the Canadian Football League.

GOLF—KATHY WHITWORTH won the Women's Titleholders tournament in Augusta, Ga., with a four-round score of 287, 10 strokes ahead of Peggy Wilson. Miss Whitworth's total broke by two strokes the tournament record set last year by Marilynn Smith and boosted her money earnings to $28,658, tops on the LPGA tour.

HOCKEY—NHL MONTREAL (10–4–3) had to share first place with CHICAGO (10–5–1) twice during the week and even dropped to second one night when the team was idle. The rest of the time, however, the Canadiens were busy beating the Maple Leafs 2–1, the Red Wings 3–2 and the Black Hawks 2–1, to keep their two-point lead at week's end. The Black Hawks snapped a four-game losing streak with three consecutive wins before the loss to Montreal. TORONTO (7–8–2) held third place, two points ahead of NEW YORK (5–8–4), with a 4–2 victory over the Rangers and losses to the Canadiens and the Bruins, as the Rangers lost three out of four. Gordie Howe became the first ever to score 600 lifetime goals in regulation play, but that was all DETROIT (4–8–4) had to cheer about. The Red Wings dropped three out of four and were tied for fifth by BOSTON (5–8–2), which split four games.

TRACK & FIELD—After winning the AAU's national cross-country championship by 150 yards over defender Dave Ellis, RON LARRIEU of Los Angeles said: "Just because you win by a long way, it doesn't mean that it's been an easy race. I had to push all the way." The way was 10,000 meters (almost 6¼ miles) through the muddy hills of New York's Van Cortlandt Park and Larrieu, who competed at the 1964 Olympics in the 10,000, finished in 31:11.8. The victory was his first national title in 14 years of running.

MILEPOSTS—AWARDED. The Heisman Trophy as the year's best college football player to MIKE GARRETT, USC's 5-foot 9-inch halfback, who led the major college ground-gainers with 1,440 yards this season and surpassed Ollie Matson's 1949–1951 record for yards gained in three years.

NAMED. As baseball's Rookies of the Year CURT BLEFARY, Baltimore Oriole outfielder, in the American League, and JIM LEFEBVRE, Los Angeles Dodger second baseman, in the National League.

NAMED. Harness Horse of the Year for the second straight year, pacer BRET HANOVER, who finished the season with 21 wins in 24 starts.

NAMED. Thoroughbred racing's Horse of the Year, ROMAN BROTHER, Louis E. Wolfson's 4-year-old gelding, who won five of his 14 races this year. A close second choice was Raymond Guest's TOM ROLFE, who was named top 3-year-old.

DISCLOSED. The October 17 marriage in Las Vegas of ALTHEA GIBSON, 1957 and 1958 Wimbledon ladies' singles champion, to William A. Darren, a longtime friend.

HIRED. To manage the Kansas City Athletics, ALVIN DARK, 43, who led San Francisco to the NL pennant in 1962. Haywood Sullivan, the KC manager most of last season, resigned to become vice-president and director of player personnel with the Boston Red Sox.

RESIGNED. Tulane Head Football Coach TOMMY O'BOYLE, following a 2–8 season. In four years O'Boyle's teams won six, lost 33 and tied one.

FIRED. JOHN MICHELOSEN, who completed his 11th season as head football coach at the University of Pittsburgh with a 30–27 win over archrival Penn State but had a season record of 3–7 and gave up 311 points. Michelosen, captain of the Pitt team in 1937, took over the top job at the end of the 1954 season and compiled an 11-year record of 56 wins, 49 losses and seven ties.

CREDITS

4—Rich Clarkson. 38–39—Leviton-Atlanta. 41—Neil Leifer. 42—Neil Leifer (3). Bob Gomel (LIFE, bottom left). 43—Bob Gomel (LIFE, bottom). 44—Jerry Cooke (top), Bob Gomel (LIFE, bottom). 47—Rich Clarkson. 48—James Drake. 51—Rich Clarkson. 53–54—Sheedy & Long. 58, 60—Lee Ballerman. 59—Fred Kaplan. 65—Fred Kaplan. 67—Rich Clarkson. 78, 79—Richard Meek, diagrams by Bill Bernstein. 88—Walter Iooss Jr. 94—Neil Leifer. 110–138—Tony Triolo. 141—Budd Studio, Joe Hopkins (Miami Herald), Rich Clarkson.

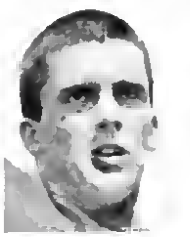
FACES IN THE CROWD



RICK MOUNT, a Lebanon, Ind. high school basketball player who has never, in four years of play, scored fewer than 11 points, surpassed Oscar Robertson's state high school scoring record when he totaled 30 points in an 89–67 win over Crawfordsville High.



WENDY MAIRS, a student at Bennett College in Millbrook, N.Y. and a sister of Mary Mairs Chapot of the U.S. Equestrian Team, took the Open Horsemanship championship and the reserve ribbon in the advanced horsemanship class at Bennett's indoor fall horse show.



RICHARD HORMEL, quarterback for Miami (Fla.) High, entertained the largest crowd (44,500) ever to see a southeastern high school athletic contest by throwing touchdown passes of 55 and 40 yards to upset defending national champion Coral Gables 14–7 in the Orange Bowl.



JACK REDEMAN of Mount Gilead, Ohio, owner and handler of Saighton's Swank, a 3-year-old English springer spaniel, guided his charge through five land and two water tests to the 1965 national amateur championship for springer spaniels at Indiantown Gap, Pa.



JOHN LAWSON of Kansas University won the six-mile NCAA cross-country championship race at Lawrence, upsetting favored Doug Brown of Montana in 29:24. Three days later he took the USTFF title in Wichita in 28:50, beating Oscar Moore of Southern Illinois.



PETER RUGG, a Columbia freshman, gained the individual title at the Middle Atlantic Interscholastic Sailing Association's Fall Freshmen championships on Long Island Sound after a series of 12 races in which he took two firsts. The Columbia team also won.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TROT TOT

Sirs:

I would love to see Sudden Death Sabol (*The Fearless Tot from Possum Trot*, Nov. 22) drafted by the pros. He could undoubtedly play in both professional leagues at the same time.

JOHN MERRILL JR.

Stanford, Calif.

Sirs:

I suspect from the pictures and article on Sudden Death that his group had 25% fewer cavities.

ROBERT PHILIPSON

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

Tom Brody's article on the tot from Possum Trot was the kind you hate to see end. I only wish our college had someone in the Sudden Death style. Most colleges are too grim now.

JOHN ANDERSON

Brookville, N.Y.

Sirs:

Unbelievable! We have never enjoyed an article more.

MR. AND MRS. MAURY DRRELL

Albuquerque

TANKED TIGER

Sirs:

One recent evening, for some absurd reason, I decided to pick up your magazine and came upon a very funny article that a Mr. John Underwood wrote about some pussycats who happened to play football (*This Tiger Is Not in the Tonk*, Nov. 15). It was Mr. Underwood's opinion that these pussycats could play football better than anyone else in the East, and "if somebody tells you there is a team in the East that is as good," he wrote about Princeton, "it must be on the tip of his imagination, brothers, his imagination." It so happens that I know countless Indians from Dartmouth who have great imaginations.

ANDREW RAYMOND

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

Would Author Underwood really want to have Princeton meet the likes of Syracuse, Penn State and Pitt? The Tiger would not be in the tank—it would be in the hospital.

DAVID P. WHITE

Rensselaer, N.Y.

Sirs:

We are three Dartmouth freshmen who feel that our great team has been badly slighted throughout the season. We do not expect an apology, since we realize that it was through no fault of your own that you chose Princeton to win the Ivy League football title. They had a fine team, but it did not even come close to the Big Green. Even the infallible Gogo failed. That Ron Landeck was able to break Dick Kazmaier's alltime record in "The Game" is all the more to the credit of the Indians. Furthermore, our victory was not made by lucky breaks or upset play, but rather by solid, steady ball control.

JOHN FRONDORF
RICK FEINS
LANE MCBURNEY

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

Maybe *next* year Princeton will be the team everyone seemed to think they were *this* year. They will be trying harder, of course, since they *are* only No. 2.

DOUGLAS J. NICHOLS
MICHAEL L. SHORTRIDGE

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

John Underwood's article on Princeton's football team had its sane moments (Tailback Landeck, Guard Maliszewski and Kicker Gogolak would be fine additions to almost any squad in the country), but how could he possibly rank the Tigers above Syracuse?

Of course, we were almost sure his story was tongue in cheek when we read of End Cashdollar becoming proficient as a receiver by catching passes from his sister!

And pity poor Buck Bedell (who never blocked in high school) if he should have to lead sweeps against the defenses of Syracuse or Penn State, which have fought with tough intersectional opponents instead of such sieves as Brown, Penn and Columbia.

LARRY BASHE
PETER CRONK

Syracuse, N.Y.

HOMESICK

Sirs:

You indicate that Los Angeles Ram Coach Harland Svare was all wet when he said there is home-towning among officials in the NFL (SCORECARD, Nov. 15), but I think you are naive.

What you did in figuring was take the simple expedient of comparing the total yards lost on penalties by visitors and home teams. Of course, it isn't the number of yards lost that counts. Rather, it is the situation in which the penalty is doled out. Four 15-yarders against a home team late in a game in which it is winning 35–0 hurt much less than one five-yarder tagged against a visitor that nullifies an 80-yard run at a time when the visitor trails 3–0.

WILLIAM V. COX

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sirs:

Your criticism of Harland Svare was very unfair. I don't think he was complaining about the total yardage of the penalties against his team, but the fact that penalties have been called against his team at crucial times in close games.

As president of a semipro team called the New Jersey Red Oaks, I notice the same thing seems to happen to us when we travel. Our penalties seem to occur at a crucial point in the game whereas the home team's penalties seem to occur when they are ahead.

There are a lot of calls being made by officials who do not see the actual infraction taking place, but are helped along by the fans and the home team. Officials are supposed to be like doctors. There is no room for mistakes.

MAX LEVENSON

Plainfield, N.J.

LAST OINK

Sirs:

You were willing to print letters criticizing Arkansas' schedule. How about printing one that praises it?

The Southwest Conference had two teams (Arkansas and Texas) in the nation's top five in 1964 and sent three teams (Arkansas, Texas and Texas Tech) to post-season bowl games. Arkansas defeated three of the teams (Texas, Texas Tech and Tulsa) that played in post-season games, as well as Nebraska in the Cotton Bowl. This year Arkansas and Texas Tech are once again going to bowl games.

Even we fans in the East realize Arkansas has a great team and that their schedule is as rough or rougher than those of the other major schools. Maybe these "experts" ought to do a little researching before they start knocking a team. Maybe they should check this year's scores and see what happened to No. 1 Purdue when it played "lowly" SMU of the "lousy" Southwest Conference. Maybe then they will realize that he who oinks last, oinks best.

J. W. GEURIN

Bethesda, Md.

WINGS OF THE LAND

Sirs:

Many thanks for the fine story on falconry by Duncan Barnes and for Francis Golden's lovely paintings (*The Hunters of the Sky*, Nov. 8). Together they were an interesting and effective portrayal of our sport. We of the North American Falconers Association

continued



ONE OF THE FEW THINGS that stir up the ducks at Jack Daniel's is a truckload of whiskey on its way to the warehouse.

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DROP
BY DROP

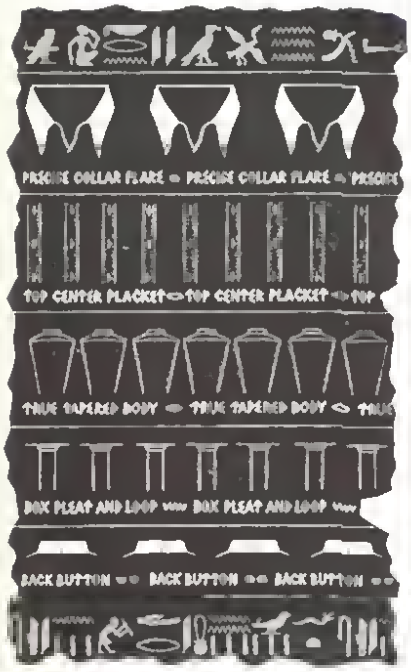
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particularly appreciate your emphasis on the deep obligation the falconer feels toward his bird and his interest in the welfare of the birds of prey.

H. H. D. HEIBERG JR.

Montgomery, Ala.

Sirs:

In, I think, 1947 my brother and I were breaking sod (plowing it) with tractor-drawn plows on a farm south of Akron, Colo. There were quite a few other sod-breakers working in that high-prairie area. You break sod in "lands," that is, you lay out two straight lines the length of the field, go through on one, come back on the other. As you go back and forth on the land, the unplowed sod strip in the middle becomes progressively narrower, until on the last trip through you break the last of the sod left, then lay out another land and start on it.

The hawks there had learned that when the land became narrow they could expect rabbits and mice to break from it and cross the plowed ground to the safety of the grass on the other side. And while you might not see a hawk in the sky when you started on a land, as it narrowed there would be four or five wheeling high above you, their shadows crossing your tractor's path as they circled. This was happening when a full-grown jackrabbit broke from in front of my tractor and dashed madly across the plowed strip. But he wasn't fast enough. One of the wheeling hawks slanted steeply down in a thunderboltlike dive. He led the running jack perfectly. When 10 feet above the rabbit, the hawk's wings came together above his head and what had been a head-first dive became a feet-first dive. The hawk struck the running jack right behind the head, and the jack tumbled over and over and lay still, his neck broken. The hawk hopped clumsily on the ground, watched the tractor pass with his round, red eyes, then set to work gorging on the banquet he had so skillfully earned. This was the only time I have ever seen a hawk kill a full-grown jack—mice, small rabbits and birds many times, but this was a spectacular, breathtaking, once-in-a-lifetime sight for me.

MARK LINTZ

Big Springs, Neb.

Sirs:

The Hunters of the Sky was one of the worst articles I have ever read, and it sure wrecks a good magazine like yours. To me falconry is a very cruel sport, if you can call it sport to hunt game birds like the pheasant that way. Why can't they track down crows, or are crows too smart? You can tell your friends with the feathered weapons not to let their pride and joy within 40 yards of my 12-gauge's reach.

WILL F. GEER

Seattle

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